

DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1930

By
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS

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DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
For 1930



An Annual Barometer of the Sentiment
of the American People



Twelfth Annual Edition



EDITED BY

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS, M.D.

Member Poetry Society of America

Member [Hon.] Poetry Society of Alabama

Member the Writer's Club, Etc.



ENID, OKLAHOMA

FRANK P. DAVIS, PUBLISHER

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INTRODUCTION TO THE TWELFTH EDITION

This study of newspaper verse was begun in 1919, with the idea that the poems contributed to the daily and weekly newspapers were a reliable barometer of the sentiment of the American people, as well as a better index of the ever-changing thought of the country than the editorials appearing in these same papers. What was then but a vague idea has been so well proven that I have never had occasion to change the opinion then formed.

I have based my conclusions as to the topics of most interest to the people generally on the greater number of poems on these subjects. At the same time I have selected for publication only those poems that seemed to possess sufficient merit to entitle them to preservation. The result has been that some years the contents of the book did not seem to bear out the conclusions given in the introduction; while the large number of poems on these subjects unquestionably did reflect the sentiment of the country. This year we have some very good poems and reference is made to those that express the thought of the leading themes.

All down through the ages the love of a mother for her child has been considered the strongest affection that one may hold for another. This year there were more poems on this theme than on any other, a fact due no doubt to the pilgrimage of the Gold Star Mothers to the graves of their soldier sons in France. This subject was approached from many angles, but the surprising thing was that it was the mother herself, and not her son, who became the central thought in most of these poems. As a rule there was approval of the plan adopted by the government in conducting the

pilgrimage, although there was some criticism. (See *Gold Star Pilgrims*, Maloney; *Gold Star Mothers*, Sigmund; *Gold Star Mothers*, Smith; *The Gold Star Color Line*, Peaslee.)

Next in number came the poems on Armistice Day. These were very definite in their tribute to the men who gave up their lives at the demand of their country. (See *Armistice*, Everett; *Armistice*, Glaze; *Armistice Day*, Dineen; *The Restless Dead*, Bancroft; *Warning*, Valentiner.)

For eleven years I have stated in these introductions that the red-winged blackbird, the daffodil, and the dog held first place in their respective classes. This year I was surprised to find that the blackbird and the daffodil were almost forgotten and that no single bird or flower was favored above another. If there was any preference it was probably the robin and the tulip. It is a baffling question as to why the blackbird and the daffodil after having been so highly favored for more than a decade, should so suddenly drop out of the race. The dog alone continues far in the lead of all rivals, and holds his position as man's one never failing symbol of loyalty and devotion. (See *My Dog*, Whitehouse.)

A poem should have an outstanding title; one that will arouse the curiosity of the reader and create in him a desire to read the poem. I cannot disguise the fact that after I have read seventy-five or a hundred poems with the same single word title that I do not experience the pleasurable anticipation when another of the same title turns up that I do when one with a title that is out of the ordinary presents itself. I include a list of the outstanding titles that I have found this year as an exhibit of intriguing titles.

In my twelve years' study of poems appearing in magazines, newspapers and other periodical literature, during which time I have probably read more poems than any other man, I have found that, compared with

all other mediums, newspaper poems excel in merit, sentiment and popular appeal.

Several years ago I began dedicating these annual volumes to those authors whose poems had been in each issue from the beginning. This is a matter of sentiment. At one time there were quite a number on this list, but as the years went on they kept dropping out, until in the last few years there have been but three left. Some no doubt grew weary of riding Pegasus on the long journey, and others went over to join Riley, Longfellow, Tennyson and all the other sweet singers who have caused the tender reeds of the hearts of men to vibrate with music that is felt as well as heard, and that reaches out to those who are over the invisible line as well as to those who continue to walk with us here.

I cannot think of those who have left me to go on the long journey alone without recalling the beautiful lines by Freeman E. Miller in memory of Riley:

I know he was glad when the glad time came, and he
carried his songs of love
In their flagons of gold to the sunrise lands and sang
them there above,
And I somehow know that the angels there were so
glad of the joys he knew
That they sang his songs for a whole week long till the
last of his songs were through!

In conclusion I again have the pleasure of dedicating this twelfth volume to my dear friends, Judge Henry Polk Lowenstein, a prominent attorney of Kansas City, Missouri; Arthur Goodenough, a retired farmer of West Brattleboro, Vermont, and Charles A. Heath, a retired wholesale merchant of Chicago, Illinois, with the hope that many future volumes may contain the same dedication.

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS.

Enid, Oklahoma.
January 24, 1931.

SOME OUTSTANDING TITLES.

A Humanist Scrub Woman Gives Thanks—*Denig.*
A Petition to Grandfather Coyote—*Fischer.*
A Mirage on the Mojave Desert—*Hastings.*
A Prayer for Lorita—*Calland.*
A Stair in Certaldo—*Morden.*
An Ode on Our Golden Wedding Day—*Fellow.*
Ching Loo Pays a Debt—*Roesner.*
Economic Depression Hits the Oil Fields—*Cobb.*
Fixing the Back Pasture Fence—*Moody.*
For One Who Asked About Gypsies—*Farran.*
Kol Nidre on the Cello—*De Leeuw.*
Letter of Resignation—*Williams.*
Love Call of the Grouse—*Chamberlain.*
Mission San Juan Capistrano—*Phillips.*
Night on the Desert—*Horne.*
On the Folly of Silence—*Wren.*
Order for a Rosary—*Sigmund.*
She Wrote a Letter When the Dawn Was Red—*Tynes.*
Telephone Wires in the Sun—*Dickson.*
The Doubt of Longinus—*Seidel.*
The Bridge of Al Sirar—*Goodenough.*
The Children of Kildonan—*Burr.*
The Passing of the Adobe—*Mitchell.*
The Poppy Fields by Lake Chabot—*Ricks.*
To a Woman Washing Clothes in Lake Maggiore—*Leitch.*



On the Folly of Silence

Ask, and Beauty or anything
That steals into the heart
May come to you on instant wing
Nor boast that it stood apart

Ask of the Gods of Plentitude.
Nor fear how the Gods reply
Hunger, alone, and her silent brood
Are certain you will not try

Ask, that your love may hear your voice
Bold with the things you'd say.
Always the great have shouted their choice
And the Gods have known, dismay.
Lowe W. Wren.

The Kansas City Star.
January 12, 1930.

Lowe W. Wren.

A HUMANIST SCRUB WOMAN GIVES
THANKS.

I give thanks to the wise men who teach me there is no God.

I give thanks to the wise men who tell me I have no soul.

I give thanks for the wisdom of the Humanist.

I give thanks that the day will come when candles no longer burn on white altars, luring the likes of me into foolish dreams.

Luring the likes of me away from the service of my betters.

For the many mercies bestowed upon me I am thankful.

Praise the Landlord, O my body.

Praise Him for the room I live in and help me to forget the falling plaster.

Praise Him for the room I live in and let me take in good spirit the winter wind sifting snow through loose window frames.

Praise the Landlord, O my body.

I give thanks to the Builder of high Buildings that give work to the likes of me.

I praise the Builder of high Buildings on my hands and knees.

Early in the morning, late at night, let me kneel before the Builder of high Buildings.

Let me scrub the stairs white as the Tombstone of my dead God.

Let me climb the steps to nothingness on my hands and knees, scrubbing the stairways of high buildings.

Let me mount higher and higher that I may see the throne of the Builder, the Living God.

All praise to the Builder of high Buildings.

I give thanks for the Gold Star shining in Madison Square Park.

I give thanks for the Gold Star every night and morn-as I pass to and from the high building.

I give thanks for the glory of being a Gold Star mother whose son died with a bayonet through his belly.

Praise the Gold Star, O my heart.

May the words of my mouth sing praises to the wise men who taught me that my son died like a stuck pig, never to rise again.

May my heart ever sing praises to the wise men for opening my eyes to the folly of hope for the likes of me and mine.

All praise to the wise men for closing the gates on immortality.

All praise to the wise men for tearing down the Cross of Christ to make way for more high buildings.

On my hands and knees, let me scrub my way to the clouds.

On my hands and knees, a song of praise and thanksgiving on my lips, let me keep clean the marble pathway to the clouds.

On my hands and knees, let me crawl into the clouds and forget the stars, for now I know they are a million miles away.

I give thanks for the wisdom of the Humanist.

The New York World.

Lynde Denig.

A PETITION TO GRANDFATHER COYOTE.

The oldest of Pomo Indians has died at the rancheree and they lay him with face to the westward till the setting sun makes him free, when his spirit shall flee to the wigwam, in the land of plentiful deer built by Grandfather Coyote by the lake that is silent and clear.

Simple the song of the old men, for the young of the tribe take no part and simple the sum of possessions they lay on the quiet heart. His sightless face is turned to the light mid his blankets, beads, knife and gun, while the old men with their thin voices chant to the throb of the drum.

Grandfather of wisdom, Coyote, till sunset is waiting here to welcome the old, old spirit to the unending feast of deer. Only the dead who have lived long and well, now weary of joy as of strife, may enter his wigwam's quiet, and rest from the turmoil of life.

Listen, Grandfather Coyote, while the old men plead
in song. Guide his tottering steps to your wig-
wam. He has lived both well and long.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margo Fischer.*
August 1, 1930.

A MIRAGE ON THE MOJAVE DESERT

The jagged turrets on the mountains' lofty crest,
From the morning sun take all their colorings;
Reflect them down upon the deserts' mirage lake,
Where wind-blown waves and wavelets, rise and fall
In flowing beaten burnished gold.
Flowing, softly flowing, flowing on and on. Flowing—
Until our sight and mind are both confused and lost
In nature's vast illimitable illusion.
In a world unknown and unknowable.

Beside a clump of twisted Joshua trees, we see
Enchanted springs, so crystal pure and clear,
A band of wild horses and natures' other folk,
Run down the trail to slake their thirst.
We see tall palms and caravans moving toward their
shade.
From under castle walls, a full rigged galleon
Sails from its safe anchorage, and melts in purple mist.
Imagination and our sight are bound by stern Reality,
The Portals do not open, we cannot see beyond.

Our reasoning mind has thoughts too deep for words,
Is awed! Fails to understand the narratives of Life,
But sees God, Manifest, in all the fleeting show.
Things unreal unfold like pictures in a dream,
Gigantic cacti fingers pointing up, pick winds asunder,
Mystic, magic music o'er etheric waves
Comes to our listening ears, and we are blest.
The lovely mirage lake and our minds' sublime crea-
tions
Sink into the silence of the Universe.

The Wasp-News Letter. *Stella Flowers Hastings.*
December 13, 1930.

A PRAYER FOR LORITO.

Dear Mother Mary, hear my prayer—
(I hope it's not absurd
To say a simple little prayer
For a mischievous bird.)

But some day he will wing his way
Over Saint Peter's Gate;
And his bright soul even in heaven
Be lonely and distract.

And he will cry and grieve for me
As any small child might;
But do not censure him for that,
Nor shut him from the light.

He has forgotten he once ranged
On eager, virile wings
Through jungle brush and fumy shroud
In search of untold things.

He has forgotten he once rode
Fearless, a fiery star
Above slow winding river lanes,
Answering a call afar.

Sweet Mother Mary, he has grown
Dear as a cherubim;
And his wild heart now loves me so
I am as God to him.

The Carmel Pine Cone.
October 6, 1930.

Annice Calland.

A STAIR IN CERTALDO.

Was it here Boccaccio kindled
The flame of his Decameron?
Here went yawning to his bed
Across the pitted cobblestone?
Did Ser Giovanni praise the murals,
Brilliant on the stuccoed wall—
Stop to say, "That blue is lovely!"
Or did he never speak at all?
Perhaps he lingered on the stairway,

Smiling, as a man will do,
Thinking of the lips of women,
And a spring night rendezvous.
Was it here that he was carried,
Candles at his head and feet,
Careless of the pot of basil,
And his ladies, frail and sweet?
He saw the river from this window;
Upon this ledge his fingers lay;
This is the house of Ser Boccaccio—
But the master is away.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Phillis B. Morden.*
"Attic Salt." November 22, 1930.

AN ODE ON OUR GOLDEN WEDDING DAY.

Toward that magical isle of the Ever-to-Be,
Toward a haven of rest beyond, we ween
Of life below through stress and sheen
For fifty short years we have sailed the sea.

The waters have kissed with a golden glow,
Our barque as it scuds through billows of blue,
And painted our prow with a mystic hue
That only the Pilot Himself doth know.

We have eagerly sailed Life's ocean lanes
With the Star of Hope guiding on with its gleam
Ahead of our barque as we followed the stream
That the Pilot had charted with infinite pains.

In the midst of the sea saw turrets and towers,
Floating lazily down in the face of the sun;
Heard the grinding and crash like the boom of a gun,
As they loitered along for hours.

Felt the chill of their presence so near to our track,
Tho' they shone like a palace with celestial glow;
Felt the thrill of approach of the drift and flow,
Of their growling and greedy pack.

At the Word of the Pilot, He bade them begone,
And they hastily left to drift on the lea;
To melt and mix with the waves of the sea
As our barque, unharmed, sailed on and on.



For fifty glad years together we've sailed,
O'er the sheen of the sea 'neath a sunlit sky;
Few clouds have come, but they scudded us by
Whenever the Pilot aboard we hailed.

Our closet of prayer in the hold below
Was the place we sought, when a cloud was seen
To shadow our path or drift between,
And soon it was gone with the undertow.

We have dwelt in a house by the side of the road,
A hostel for those who were seeking a friend,
To show them the way to an ultimate end,
Who needed some help to lighten their load.

Half a hundred have entered our portals ajar,
Found shelter and home from year to year,
Found the shrine of their hopes with courage and
cheer,

And a Compass for Crossing the Bar.

From an island of dreams to the land of the real,
We have passed this way 'neath a Guiding Hand,
In our seeking to lift from the shifting sand
The weak, grown aweary with carrying their load.

We have dwelt in the shack, and dugout of earth
In the side of the hill, and called it a home,
To be nearer the child in the midst of the gloam,
And teach him the way to Heavenly Worth.

For many a year we have eaten the grime
'Midst the heat and dust of the burning plain,
While winnowing sheaves of His golden grain
For the Garner above, o'er the sea of time:

But the chimes have rung for the fiftieth year
For us to rejoice with praise to the King;
At the threshold of Joy let melody ring
As the goal of our Hope draweth near.

Today, we the troth of our wedding renew
For the years yet to come down the mystical isle,
As we walk toward the end with a hail and a smile,
Toward the Gate of the City that cometh in view.

The Record and Democrat. *Henry Coffin Fellow.*
August 28, 1930.

CHING LOO PAYS A DEBT.

Ching Loo the Chink, from the desert's edge
And shade (?) of a Joshua tree,
Stood eyeing a sidewinder on a ledge
And figuring out how he
Could land that snake in his frying pan
And serve "fried chicken" to Cactus Dan.

For Cactus Dan was a desert rat
Who had one day saved Ching Loo
From a brawling bully who'd knocked Ching flat
And kicked in a rib or two.
And now that old Dan in a fever sighed
For Chicken Ching Loo wished him satisfied.

So he grabbed that snake and lost no time
In fixing Dan such a dish
That the old rat smacked, "Say, that's shore prime.
"Ole, chink, you gimme my wish.
"But I shore cain't guess whar you copped that bird."
Ching knowingly smiled but returned no word.

Soon Ching crawled out to the Joshua tree
And scooped a bed in the sand,
The while through his head whirled the memory
Of days in far native land.
And he heard wind-bells as he fell asleep
That old sidewinder had fanged Ching deep!

The Albany (Ore.) Democrat-Herald.

October 11, 1930.

Oscar H. Roesner.

ECONOMIC DEPRESSION HITS THE OIL FIELDS.

Last winter in New York City
The stock market "broke," it is said;
And today a girl of the oil fields,
With a hole in her breast, lies dead.

Five years ago she came here—
She was only twenty then—
But wise in the lore of the wicked world,
And versed in the ways of men.

She found companions of her kind,
At a gay "hotel" she stayed;
And there, with the oil field workers,
She plied her sorry trade.

But, Oh! her hair was golden,
And, Oh! her eyes were brown,
And many a good wife fretted
When her man stayed late downtown.

Her furs were rich and russet,
Her perfumes filled the air,
Her laughter tinkled glassily,
She seemed to know no care.

But now at length she found there was
No money left to burn;
The men she knew had gone, and bought
No ticket for return.

From one who worked at night she begged
That she might use his cot.
What happened after, no one knows,
For no one heard the shot.

He found her there at dawn, said he,
All shaking as he told,
An automatic in her hand,
So stiff, and stark, and cold.

Last winter in New York City
The stock market "broke," it is said,
And today a girl of the oil fields,
With a hole in her breast, lies dead.

Harlow's Weekly.
November 22, 1930.

Florence E. Cobb.

FIXING THE BACK PASTURE FENCE.

A pasture on the mountain side,
Where greenest grasses grow;
To which we went in early spring,
Some forty years ago.

Our horse, Ben Harrison, was hitched
Between the buggy thills;
We boys were riding with our dad,
And headed for the hills.

Now southward, through a fertile vale,
We slowly made our way;
Then over Kneeland Flats, to where
The Hogback mountains lay.

Equipped with hammer, nails, and axe,
And heavy fencepost maul,
We went to fix the fence, where it
Had broken down since fall.

We worked with wire, boards, and brush,
And poles cut from the wood,
Till Father said: "I think this fence
Will stand up pretty good."

At noon we sat on wooded slope,
Spring beauties blooming near,
While songs of love from bush and tree
Were floating sweet and clear.

And yet I fear the sweetest sound,
That reached our boyish ears,
Was bottled coffee, gurgling forth;
I hear it through the years.

And what a lunch! doughnuts and pie,
Baked beans, and apples red,
And maple sugar, lying thick.
Upon each slice of bread.

A picnic? Yes, and something more;
The work we did was play;
Whene'er we fixed the pasture fence,
It was a holiday.

If I could have one day, of those
Which have departed hence,
I think I'd take the boys and Dad,
And fix the pasture fence.

The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.

Rev. Lewis Nathaniel Moody.

FOR ONE WHO ASKED ABOUT GYPSIES.

She had dark eyes
and a voice that laughed.

The good folk pitied her—
called her “daft.”

Her cards were hearts....
They said she'd cheat;

But swift as daggers
were her brown feet

When *racozies* thrummed
into the night.....

Ah, *Duvel*, blind me
but I was right!

And I wouldn't trade
her heart, alive,

For good folks' virtue
or poor priest's shrive.

The good folk whisper
and nudge and scold.

God! She just wanted
a bit of gold

Round her young throat
to hear it jingle....

They wonder why
that *I'm* still single.

The Des Moines (Iowa) Tribune.
“K's Column,” November 18, 1930.

Don Farran.

KOL NIDRE ON THE CELLO.

The cello breathes....And all Judea speaks.
One voice for all their voices down the years;
One long-drawn cry stirred from the cello's heart
To be a people's soul and its lost tears.
One hope—as God vouchsafes a hope to gleam
Through darkened skies—one sudden golden strain
Enriching all the sombre minor cries....
Judea, in a cello, speaks again.

The Jewish Tribune.

Adele De Leeuw.

August 8, 1930.

LETTER OF RESIGNATION.

God, I have helped you run this universe
For quite some time. (I can't seem to explain
Just how I came to feel it was my task.)
We've done right well—things might have been much
worse—
But it has told upon my nerves and brain,
And I am tired. So, God, I'm going to ask
That you let someone else take up my work.
I've been sincere! I've worried day and night,
I've lectured and exhorted, I've shed tears,
I've wrestled (I was never one to shirk!)
It's no small task to make this world run right,
And you know, God, these have been trying years!

I hate to quit when there's so much to do—
But some good worrier will take my place,
No doubt, when once the vacancy is known.
If no one volunteers, God, how would you,
I wonder, like, for just a little space,
To try your hand at running it alone?

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *B. Y. Williams.*

LOVE CALL OF THE GROUSE.

O those dear old days I lingered
On a homestead's virgin soil,
Earning a nice quarter section

More with dreams and hope than toil!
How I hopped out in the morning,
Baked flapjacks—by any law,
Whistled till I caught the crooning
Of the grouse down in the draw—

Oomm, Oomm, Oomm!

O the prairie cock at wooing
Was a Romeo, no fail,
How he curved around and strutted
In Vernal's blithsome gale;
How the little sweetheart biddies
Shot coquettish glances back,
As they skipped among the cornstalks
Or upon the squatly stack.

Oomm, Oomm, Oomm!

Gone the sweep of unfenced acres,
Lost the slender, sodded strip.
Does a teardrop blur my vision,
Do regrets cling to my lip?
Never more again the freedom
Of the rolling, grassy plain—
God, I loved that creeping music
Of the prairie bird's refrain—

Oomm, Oomm, Oomm!

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Will Chamberlain.*
"Attic Salt," June 21, 1930.

MISSION SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

Upon this continent where art is new,
How strange it seems to find sequestered here
These mission walls where the Franciscan seer,
Juniper Serra paid to fame its due!
A note of melody weaves through and through
These empty corridors; and with a tear
Comes momentary grief-realizing fear,
That modern days are lacking in the hue
Embellishing these old romantic walls;
No longer do the gay processions tread
Beneath the vine! No more is viewed the dance!

The bright boleros and embroidered shawls,
The saucy rose bedecking demure head!
For life in passing leaves a broken lance.

The Wasp-News Letter.

Mabel W. Phillips.

May 31, 1930.

NIGHT ON THE DESERT.

Cool silver sprays upon the Western dune
Where rising darkness spreads his sable wings;
The breath of wonder trembles on the strings
Of hidden lutes the night winds softly tune.
The sands that burned beneath the sun at noon
Are brimmed with silver that Diana flings
As swiftly from her Eastern couch she springs,
And drives the white-winged horses of the moon.

Down billowed darkness on her headlong way
She speeds her silver chariot of light,
And spills pale opal in a dreamy shower.
And in more distant glooms where shadows stray
And gather swiftly on the cloudy height,
A lone star trembles like a nameless flower.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Percy Martin Horne.

November 16, 1930.

ORDER FOR A ROSARY.

Artisan, I have heard of your skill—
Here is cedar from Lebanon!
Cedar which rooted upon a hill—
Cedar which went for a temple sill
In the ages that have gone.

And here is the gold: Your hand knows how
To shape this metal which world-men prize:
Make me an image of Jesus now
With the nail-scorched hands and thorn-pierced brow
For my eager hands and eyes.

Here are some pearls which have come from far;
Here is a chain from a mountain mine
And here is a topaz like some chaste star—
An ivory clasp and a jeweled bar;
A garnet the hue of wine.

What did you say my craftsman true?....
You scorn these jewels and metal parts?
The craftsman answered: "The work I do
Is never offered to ones like you
Until they have purged their hearts!"

"Ridded their souls of the worldman's greed
Which places the love of carven wood
And the love of gold above soul-need—
Oh, come again with your spirit freed,
When you learn the source of Good!"

"Oh, come again when the glint of stone
No longer lures you and holds you fast!
Bring any metal or wood or bone:
I will wield my chisel; my saw will drone
And your strand of beads will last!"

The Catholic Tribune.
October 1, 1930.

Jay G. Sigmund.

SHE WROTE A LETTER WHEN THE DAWN WAS RED.

She wrote a letter when the dawn was red,
When all the earth was dreaming, and love's hand
Lay as a benediction on each head,
Save hers, who somehow could not understand
The way of love. And as she penned each line,
Some mirthful word would cut her like a knife,
And she would pause awhile, strive to define
Its joyousness and make it fit her life.
The clock ticked off the minutes, one by one,
The sky put on its softest gown of blue,
The world awoke, its sleep and quiet done—
But all these things, to her, were keen as rue.
She wrote a letter when the dawn was red....
But ah! the tender words she left unsaid.

The Birmingham (Ala.) News-Age Herald.
January 19, 1930. *Mary Polard Tynes.*

TELEPHONE WIRES IN THE SUN.

(Penna. R. R. Yards, Gary)

When prairie flowers disappear
With civilization's spread
Some souls mourn comfortless and speak
Of beauty passed and dead.
A newer beauty thrusts aloft
Its tasselled poles and wires
When early sunlight touches it
With mimic flames and fires.
The copper shimmers in the sun;
The insulators raise
Their bell-shaped beauty to the sky;
The poles stretch lengthened ways,
Diminishing horizonward,
To mere specks on the blue—
The seried ranks of bell-strung poles
Etch beauty that is new.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune.

Margarette Ball Dickson.

"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." April 3, 1930.

THE DOUBT OF LONGINUS.

We cast our dice for the garments
The Man called Jesus wore
And hurried off to the market place
To barter our raffled store.

We traded the gold for Roman wine
And drank and thought of the day,
For though we'd crucified men before
No one had much to say.

He was a mystery, this Jesus,
He smiled as we nailed him there,
A smile that halted my thrusted spear
And held it, poised, in the air.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

John A. Seidel.

"Philosopher of Folly's Column." October 1, 1930.

THE BRIDGE OF AL SIRAR.

(Pronounced as in title, but spelled Al Sirat.)

Over the terrible black abyss
Which lies twixt the Land of the Blest and this
A vision of wonder reaching far
Stretches the Bridge of Al Sirar !

Fiercer than flame and thin as thread,
For spirit feet in their march to tread,
The earth may quake or the planets jar
But never the Bridge of Al Sirar !

And who so e'er by the old gray road
Journeys to Allah's blest abode
Whate'er his creed—whatever his star—
Must fare by the way of Al Sirar !

For beyond it in beauty rise
The scented gardens of Paradise ;
But all who enter by sun or star
Must fare by the Bridge of Al Sirar !

A giant sword, like an Angel's own,
Bridges the gulf of Allah's throne ;
And all who perish in holy war
May cross by the Bridge of Al Sirar !

And all the just, saith the Al Koran
May cross in safety, the slender span ;
But the false and the foul and the infidel
Like figures of lead go down to Hell !

But those who follow the ancient route
Must go—if they go at all—on foot
For the neighing bard and the clattering car
Have nowhere room upon Al Sirar.

Over the infinite deep abyss
Which lies twixt the zones of grief and bliss,
Like a crescent moon or a blazing star
Rises the Bridge of Al Sirar !

And when the tale at the last is told
And the sorrowful soul lets go its hold,
It wends its way on a journey far
Till it comes to the Bridge of Al Sirar !

Joy! Joy! to the shade if with step secure
It touches the terrible Bridge unsure;
But woe to the soul whose greed and ire
Hurries him down to the pit of fire!

It is all set down in the holy book
Of the Mussulman for those who look;
Go, all who doubt it today and scan
The page of the prophet's Al Koran!

The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

THE CHILDREN OF KILDONAN.

To the memory of the first settlers of North Dakota, St. Andrew's Day, 1930.

Kildonan! Kildonan! In the fair strath there's greeting!
The voice of the sassanach fa's fell on the brae.
The drum of the redcoat sae dreaded is beating—
Forfairn the ootcome o' Drummossie's dark day!

“Fire the clachan! Each bielding!
Leave no hope of returning.
Let the soul of the aged go forth in the burning.
Trample the hearthstane!
Wipe out the shieling!
Give to the grouse and the pheasant the glen
Till the sound o' their pibrochs be heard not again!”

Kildonan! Kildonan! Hear the shriek o' the mither!
The wailing o' women wha fecht for their hame!
Tell, wraith o' the mountain; banshee forever:
The dirk it is fallen; the tartan is riven—
How the mangled bit bairnies purpled the heather
When the broken o' Sutherland went doon tae the sea!

Write your annals, proud Empire!
Say, “Scotland's ain did it.”
False stranger, dream not in your mocking to hide it!
A hand all unshackled shall trace the richt story;
The tongues o' the free tell their sons and their
daughters
In a land that is free, till time it is hoary
How the clan frae Kildonan came over the waters.

Build the bield and heap the cairn!
Plaided breasts sae leal and darin',
 Far in Pembina!

Banner o' the starn unfurled
Give the story tae the warld
Of the Children o' Kildonan
 Far in Pembina!

The Bottineau (N. D.) Courant. Flora Cameron Burr.
December 1, 1930.

THE PASSING OF THE ADOBE.

Sun baked a velvet bronze with mosses creeping
 O'er crumbling walls of weeds and bat-hung eaves,
Silk webbed a silver grey with lizards sleeping
 By half-hung door on beds of withered leaves.

Long days and hills with buzzards wheeling, wheeling
 In faithful vigil keeping watch with stars,
Wild bees and vines with darting swallows stealing
 Through creviced roof and broken lattice bars.

Lone tribute to the West the adobe is going
 With the Padres from the trails etched by the sea,
Dream days and mirth with fadeless halos glowing
 In twilight's glory wafting memories back to thee.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Lelia Ayer Mitchell.
October 18, 1930.

THE POPPY FIELDS BY LAKE CHABOT.

I wish you would go to the poppy fields
 That bloom by the lake Chabot;
Such wonderfully carpeted poppy fields,
 They look like a golden snow
That has fallen upon the emerald earth—
 Then melted in spots, where the blue
Of the cornflowers show like bits of sky,
 And the world has a marvelous hue.

The work-a-day world seemed brighter today
For the charm of the poppies was there,
And the dull gray stones of the city's way
Seemed an easier path to fare.
For I felt that around every corner
Green vistas would burst into view;
Tho' I listened in vain for the caroling birds,
The hum of the city seemed new.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. William Nauns Ricks.
April 6, 1930.

TO A WOMAN WASHING CLOTHES IN LAKE MAGGIORE.

Maggiore, filled by many a buoyant stream
That races down the hills of Lombardy,
Above you, gentle airs, enchanted, dream
Of all this beauty that is Italy.

This woman, in the vigor of her will,
Bends to her task. She does not lift her eyes
To fair Isola Bella blue and still,
To Mattarone green against the skies.

Of these inviolate hills herself a part,
Daughter of toil, pledged to her humble duty—
Integrity of earth in hand and heart—
She is the very blood and bone of beauty.

The day grows old: a breeze is gently blowing....
If, ere her work be ended, night unbars
Heaven's treasures, then she may, though all un-
knowing,
Be washing shawl and tunic in the stars.

The Christian Science Monitor. Mary Sinton Leitch.

OLD SAILOR

C LIMB up, my lads! This is the Nancy Jones.
No banners now, no paint to hide her bones
What's left of her is yawning to the skies
With only a wharf to rub until she dies!
Yet think of her some fifty years ago,
Well manned and fit for any kind of blow!

She knew gray skies, banked with a sudden sweep,
Thunder for days and not a wink of sleep.
Yet, ten for one, her sheets were bent away
On seas that only lifted with her spray.
Week after week, from dawn till afternoon,
And nights that slipped to leeward of the moon.

And now, her warping spars, her rotting stays,
Are ample proof of life's departing ways.
Some sail for pleasure, some, to win renown,
And some for wind and water driving down.
And some—well, lads, I sailed the Nancy Jones
Like any man who loves the thing he owns!

Lowe W. WREN.

*The Kansas City Star.
April 13, 1930.*

Lowe W. Wren.

PIONEER WOMEN OF AMERICA.

When the night wind, softly sighing, sinks at last to
its repose,
And the moonlight on the prairies with a silver radiance
glows,
Gazing where the lingering sun's rays slyly kiss the
evening star,
There before me in the distance comes a vision from
afar—
Vision of the fairest women, fairer than the angels are.

They have on no rich apparel, theirs is not the care-
free lives;
Theirs the arduous work of service—they are mothers,
sisters, wives—
Coming forth a glorious pageant, making history divine,
Sacrificing self for others, leaving day-dreams to en-
twine
About each frontier door-post the lovevine for me and
mine.

Much is said and sung and written of the brain and
brawn of men,
Changing wildness into homeland, conquering moun-
tain, jungle, fen;
But, as vision shows us plainly, what to other eyes is
dim
Saw I woman, faithful, loyal, as the very soul of him,
Urging him to nobler conquests, labors arduous,
duties grim.

Crossing prairies as of old their Pilgrim fathers
crossed the sea,
Some in wagon-trains of "schooners," rocking on the
grassy lea—
Railroads in the sixties eased the weary way for some—
Precious cargoes do they carry, embryonic stage of
home,
Bare necessities, 'tis true; but fathers, mothers, chil-
dren come.

Women sharing in the hardships, scale the rugged
mountain pass;
Cross deep rivers on rude barges, dare the treacher-
ous morass.

Indian tribes are not all friendly, famine's wolf oft
ventures near;
Storm and fire fiends sweep the grass lands and the
pine-clad mountains sear;
But the women never waver, never shrink at doubt or
fear.

Pioneers, in truth, these women—like their cattle
feel the prod
Of disaster, want and sickness—wary often, on they
plod;
Looking forward, never backward, giving courage,
hope and cheer,
When the skies are grey and somber, when woods are
bare and meadows sere.
Still the vision keeps unfolding, and I see the goal
appear.

Fervent are their prayers at even', sparkling falls the
happy tear;
How sincere their glad thanksgiving, to the God who
led them here.
Hardly are their own heads sheltered till a church and
school rear:
For this is an ancient custom of the hardy pioneer,
Of the mother, wife or sister of the conquering pioneer.

*The Albany (Ore.) Democrat-Herald. Alice McGeorge.
March 15, 1930.*

APRIL.

When flesh of earth is pierced anew
By the long lances of the rain,
Nature beneath is quivering, too,
When flesh of earth is pierced anew.
But from those wounds she pushes through
Flowers to solace memory's pain,
When flesh of earth is pierced anew
By the long lances of the rain.

*The Atlantic (N. J.) Press. Benjamin Musser.
April 22, 1930.*

ROBIN IS TEASIN'.

Robin red-reast, stop your hollerin',
For I can't go out!
Did you ever know a washin'
Hangin' itself out?
Or a broom to do the sweepin'
Or a pie to bake
Of themselves? Then stop your teasin'
Oh, for goodness sake!

I can't stand your teasin', teasin'!
Robin, don't I know
What you're tryin' for to tell me
Callin' me to go
Where the sargentiaes are pushin',
Through the crackin' sod,
Where the teeny-weeny pansies,
Wait a smile and nod.

Don't I know down in this valley,
By the river bank,
Glossy leaves are pushin' slowly,
Through the bracken dank?
Don't the dear South winds come whisperin'
All these things to me?
Robin darlin', go on singin',
But—stop teasin' me!

The Bellows Falls (Vt.) Times. Nellie S. Richardson.

GOD'S FAN.

Was it the fluttering of Angel's wings
Softly passing this way?
Was it the unfolding of rose petals
At closing of the day?

Was it the magic of falling dew?
The song of forest bird?
Was it the touch of a baby's hand?
Or a beautiful word?

Something everybody loves,
Something no one sees;
A thing divine—God's mystic fan
It was an April breeze.

The Birmingham News. *Florence Hobson Morrison.*
April, 1930.

THE COMFORTER.

The Prayer:

Hold Thou my hand,
The night is dark, the storm so wild!

The Answer:

I will not leave thee comfortless,
My child! My child!

The Boston Transcript. *Rev. William Wood.*
September 13, 1930.

DEATH AND LIFE.

We are so stupid about death. We will not learn
How it is wages paid to those who earn,
How it is gift for which on earth we yearn,
To be set free from bondage to the flesh;
How it is turning seed-corn into grain,
How it is winning Heaven's eternal gain,
How it means freedom evermore from pain,
How it untangles every mortal mesh.

We are so selfish about death. We count our grief
Far more than we consider their relief,
Whom the great Reaper gathers in the sheaf,
No more to know the season's constant change;
And we forget that it means only life,—
Life with all joy, peace, rest and glory rife,
The victory won, and ended all the strife,
And Heaven no longer far away and strange.

Their Lent is over and their Easter won.
Waiting till over Paradise the sun
Shall rise in majesty, and life begun
Shall glow in glory, as the perfect day
Moves on to hold its endless, deathless way.

The Boston Evening Transcript.
Bishop William Croswell Doane.

THE FIRST SUGARING.

The moon last night was silver-white, the frozen roads
 were bare,
Ice fringed the brook and river bank, and spirits rode
 the air.
New buds flung purple on the woods, from oak and
 elm and larch,
And I could hear, on all the hills, the trampling steeds
 of March.

All night, from Cutting's sugar house, a white plume
 fled the gale.
All night the stacked birch caught the blaze, and spit
 like crackling hail.
The sap flowed in, and from the end the topaz syrup
 poured
Treasure that flowed through frozen trees from thrifty
 Winter's hoard.

Long since, across a hollow stone, a deep-gashed maple
 fell,
And from the slow-throbbed, bleeding wound sap filled
 the ready well,
At morn, with buck on shoulder, swift a hungry war-
 rior came,
And bade his daughter haste to seethe the new meat
 on the flame.

She took what water was at hand—the sap within the
 stone—
And poured it on the deep-packed pot, of fat and
 flesh and bone.
Long boiled the brew; more sap she drew; the broth
 waxed thick and sweet.
A marvelling throng watched, hours long, the cook-
 ing of the meat.

The chief grew wroth. He bade the maid bring on
 the sickly stew.
With trembling hands she poured it forth, for well her
 lord she knew.
He took one taste, his face grew soft; another and
 he smiled.
What new and wondrous food the tribe would owe
 his gifted child?

Still trembling but with joy, an inch the pot she
tipped about,
The brown juice fell, and struck the snow, and hissed,
and then cooled out.
Thereafter, every March, the tribe went forth and
bled the maple.
And syrup grew, and sugar, too, the Indian's favorite
staple.

The Brattleboro (Vt.) Daily Reformer.

Alice A. Moseley.

HOLY WEEK.

Into a garden our dear Lord went
With saddened heart, and spirit spent.

I pray that this cup may pass from me
If it be Thy will—so let it be.

If not Thy will—I will drink it up
Down to the dregs of the bitter cup.

So even the dregs He drank that we
Might share in His home eternally.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express.

April, 1930.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

THE BIBLE AND THE TEST.

I offered a Bible to a man today,
A traveler, like myself, along life's way,
He spurned the offer and with tilted head,
"I never read it now," he sharply said,
"I know the Book, it is not new to me.
My Mother read it to me at her knee,
But things are mighty different since that day,
And I have learned to think and live my way.
She read to me about the Golden Rule.
The man who'd try that now they'd call a fool.
The Bible tells how men were weaker then,
Now I prefer and choose red-blooded men,
The world moves at a faster pace, he said,
And many of the old time ways are dead.

Some people now don't think they've slipped from
Grace

If they just join the crowd and hold their place.
While others tell of what the Bible claims
For evil doers and their wicked aims,
Which if they cling to following the same
They're doomed to sink and never rise again.
If I should read, 'twould only make me sad,
I could not read such stuff and then feel glad."

I held the Book and looked him in the face,
The Book between us in its proffered place,
For in his manly eye I quickly read
He had not meant the bitter things he'd said.
"If you don't need the Bible, why do I?
We both must live, then each of us must die.
I've lived among red blooded, careless men,
It's tough to turn and live like that again."
I threw the Book, it rolled upon the ground.
It startled him, he turned, in anger frowned,
"I would not treat a dog like that," he said.
My test had shown his heart was as I read.
He went and picked the Book from where it lay,
Then smoothed and held it in a kindly way
And begged my pardon, asked me not to go
Back to the coarser ways of years ago.
"I'll read the Book, and you must read it too,
I guess my Mother knew it better than I do."

The Buffalo Courier-Express. *Millard S. Burns.*
July 16, 1930.

THE LAY OF THE LONESOME ROAD.

This is the lay of the Lonesome Road,
That touches at Sheol and No Man's Land;
That our sires have known and their forebears far,
And that no man can understand;

And Fate was the builder thereof and Time
Has tended the road with care;
And whosoever shall fare thereon
Must pay him with pain and care!

This is the Lay of the Lonesome Road,
Of the old gray Road running down to doom;
And some to Paradise win thereby
And it halts at hell and the tomb.

For later or sooner there comes a Call,—
A solemn message to each abode
And a bell is tolled and a soul goes out
By the way of the Lonesome Road!

O, the folk that people the world today
Are a strange and a motley throng;
And laughter and tears are blent with sneers
And a sigh is under the song.

But a sudden hush comes over it all,
When a soul lays down its load
And journeys alone to a Goal unknown,
By the way of the Lonesome Road!

The Present is weary—the Past is dark—
And the Future is all obscure;
And the sky and the sea and the good dry land
Aye! Heaven itself—unsure;

But something is certain whatever fail
By human standard or code:
Be he humble or high, dares none deny
The Call of the Lonesome Road!

*The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press. Arthur Goodenough.
July 5, 1930.*

VIRGINIA CITY.

“Blinded by Mammon’s heavy scales upon their eyes
They call me ‘Ghost Town,’ nor surmise
That soul-stuff, jot or tittle would reveal
Scenes now they only vaguely feel,
While I, though disembowel’d and gaunt, still see
Shapes moving to and fro, upon the breast of me.”

“True, time interring disappointed hope has fled
Discarding emblems of the dead,
Bars desolate, that once were never dry,
Dust-palled, ensconce the droning fly,
Streets belch no more the milling herd of men,
Prospectors, crazed by that mirage, ‘A strike again.’ ”

“Nights, silent, ere yet morn unveils the brow of dawn,
They wend their way those, time has drawn
Up, down—who wots the trails that souls may go
Suffice it then to only know
Life is eternal, men, though all unseen
Pursue old pathways, miner, gambler, libertine.”

“See yon decaying door? ’Tis often flung aside
By gamblers, panther-like, who glide
There through, while clink of glass and gold re-tell
Success, defeat—a gambling hell
Ladies parading; flaunt that calling old,
Bodies defiling, souls searing, for greed of gold.”

“Call me not dead, nor, say my glory’s passed away
Conquerors breed nurtured I, they
Transmuted from the cast-off fleshly mold
Lead the vanguard of progress, bold
Daring souls that live, nor sleep, what odds then
Shrouded in dust, I cannot die, I’ve suckled men:

Carson City Daily Appeal.
August 9, 1930.

Bertha Raffetto.

THE ABBEY.

(For the Trappist Monks of New Melleray Abbey, Peosta,
Dubuque County, Iowa.)

The peace of God is on these knolls—
His voice among these pines;
His power in these saintly souls
Who plant and guard these vines.

The shadow of The Christ is clear
Upon these lanes of shade:
The fertile, greening fields are near
Which sons of Christ have made.

The benediction of God’s breeze
Is here when gray dusk falls:
The balsam incense of the trees
Is wafted down the walls.

The weary hordes of worldly folk
Are spans and spans away;
The chaste Night-Mother spreads her cloak
Above these men who pray.

The brush of dawn will color red
The sky above these hills
But long before its hues are spread,
Across the abbey's sills,

Will tread the feet of holy ones
Who early walk with God:
They hear his call before new suns
Have warmed the pasture sod.

Oh, cloistered halls, your mystic sounds
Are balm to tired flesh!....
A world-man, wearied from his rounds,
May dream and hope afresh!

A soul-sick worldling, pausing here,
Meets Good on every hand:
He sees the risen Christ draw near—
He comes to understand.

He meets Christ in the furrowed field;
He sees him bless new soil:
He sees the plan of God revealed
To men who pray and toil.

The Catholic Tribune.
October 3, 1930.

Jay G. Sigmund.

THE FAIRIES.

1.

In the land of the young and the happy,
In their palaces under the sea,
The fairies keep asking each other
When the end of creation shall be.
For although they have knowledge of magic,
And with music witch men's hearts away,
Not a one of them knows the great secret
Of the coming of Judgment Day.

2.

For the fairies were angels at one time,
Who with Lucifer's host had rebelled;
And because of the pride that was in them
They were all from God's heaven expelled.

But the Archangel Michael felt sorry
To see them all driven away,
And he asked the Lord not to be angry,
And to let the least wicked ones stay.

3.

But even these least had been wicked,
So in heaven they could not remain;
But the Lord in His mercy permitted
That they never should feel any pain.
They had done what was wrong without thinking,
And the heart of the Father was moved
By the simple request of His henchman,
Whose fidelity well He had proved.

4.

And over the land and the water
The good fairies have wandered since then,
Making music and magic and mischief,
And tormenting the children of men.
And at night, when they're feasting and dancing
In their palaces under the sea.
There's a moment when all of them wonder
When the end of creation shall be.

The Catholic Tribune.

W. P. Morrissey.

ST. DONATUS.

Author's Note: The lovely little village of St. Donatus is on the Bellevue road between Dubuque and Bellevue, Iowa. It has the mellow atmosphere of The Old World and in years gone by some priest with a poetic soul has erected little shrines with the stations of the cross on the slope of a beautiful hill which overlooks the valley.

Across the shimmering valley
The hosts of God have ridden,
For here among these stately trees
The shrines of Christ are hidden.

They stand against the lightning
When thunder tones are rolling
And they have served the faithful souls
When bells of Death were tolling.

The peace of Gentle Mary
Has visited this village
Though hills across this tiny stream
Have watched the warriors pillage.

Here came the sweetest spirits
And altar flames were started;
The graves of sainted ones are here
Who soothed the weary-hearted.

These bells which call the toilers;
These stones which guard their sleeping,
Are gifts a watchful God has placed
Among His hills for keeping.

God listens; in this valley
He hears His stewards chanting
The gloried ritual of Christ
At harvest...Winter...Planting.

Oh, send Your richest sunsets
And give these slopes rare dressings;
The prayers of souls from templed hills
Should gain the richest blessings.

Oh, Sainted Virgin Mary,
Bless harvest...plowing...seeding
And grant these toiling praying ones
Such things as they are needing!

Oh, God, who sees men labor—
Who plumbs the hearts of mortals;
Make welcome all these valley folk
Who stop at Heaven's portals!

The Catholic Tribune.
September 20, 1930.

Jay G. Sigmund.

YOUR EYES

Barbara, when the Lord made you,
He gave you eyes of deepest blue,
And Oh, it seems, when I look in
I see your little thoughts begin!

There is a gladness, a surprise
Within your ever-changing eyes,
There all your mischief is revealed
Nor is your naughtiness concealed;
There's penitence when you have had
Your punishment for being bad, . . .
The tears are on your lashes yet,
You WILL be good, you won't forget!

Too soon the years will pass away
And you will be grown-up, some day.
I wonder, will your eyes, still blue,
Reveal your spirit shining through!

The Catholic Transcript.
December 4, 1930.

Vera Keevers Smith.

AN IRISH FISHERMAN'S PRAYER.

Christ is the Seed!
The Harvest is Christ!
From Life's ripening-mead
When God's autumn is red
Into His granary
Be we harvested.

From green youth to age,
From white age to death,
Fond, foolish or sage—
From the hour that life found us
May Thy two hands, O Christ!
Be around us.

Christ is the Sea!
Christ is the Fish!
When from earth-thrall set free—
In God's trawling-net spread
On the waves of the world
Be we gathered.

From death to the end
That is no end but a growth
In the love of a Friend.
To that far, pleasant homing
Guide Thou, O White Christ!
Our shoreward coming.

The Catholic World.

Cathal O'Byrne.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS.

Oh, they will find the graves are those
Which men have always gained;
After the noise of battle goes
They sleep in silent turf-locked rows,
Those sons who came to grips with Death
Where Hell and carnage reigned!

And they will shed the kind of tears
Which women always shed
In other lands: in other years—
Always when smoke of battle clears
These mothers come with aching hearts
To weep above their dead.

The mothers of a race have done
This gloried thing before
And each of them who bears a son
Knows in her breast the cherished one
May be required by those gods
Who forge the blades of war.

They hold a kinship with the brave,
These mothers who have lost;
They know what priceless gifts they gave—
They feel that every fighter's grave
Is but a symbol of their grief—
Oh, God, they know the cost!

But when their first hot tears have dried
These women always feel
A stirring wave of joyful pride
That they could mother one who died,
While he was pressing nobly on
Against a storm of steel.

The Cedar Rapids (Ia.) Gazette. *Jay G. Sigmund.*
September 1, 1930.

BLOSSOMS.

Not all of lifted florescence
Is worn of green-flamed spears;
Though striving from twist of their rootlets
To slow chant of years.

Dreams—too ethereal to waken,
May capture life at its flood:
A Tree . . . stark boughs once shaken,
Rained blossoms of blood.

The Charleston (S. C.) Post. *Hala Jean Hammond.*
"Choir Practice." July 11, 1930.

INDIAN SUMMER.

What means those flames of red and gold
Across the mountain's wide expanse?
October lights her signal fires
To herald Winter's grim advance.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.

Winnie Lynch Rockett.

"Choir Practice." October, 1930.

ONCE AGAIN.

The potency of six pomegranate seeds
No longer can enthrall Persephone,
Dark Pluto's call is not the one she heeds,
The Goddess of the Spring again is free!
Bright red-bud fires upon the hill-side flare
A welcome, and perhaps the young God Pan
Steps lightly there beside the river, where
The reeds are stirred but by no foot of man.
With seven reeds—cut so—sly Pan can make
His syrinx. He pipes high notes with pagan zest.
The dogwood lights white morning stars to wake
The dim woods from another winter's rest.

Now young hearts long for gifts the Spring may bring.
And old hearts thrill and break, remembering.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.

Annette Patton Cornell

"Choir Practice." April, 1930.

ALASKA.

Alaska, land of romance and of gold,
Eternal snows, and nightly flaming skies!
The Master Builder with a chisel bold
Has wrought upon her breast in fearful guise—
Stupendous peaks uprearing hoary heads,
Deep canyons where the storm king has his lair,
Enchanting valleys whose bright flower beds
With honeyed fragrance lade the summer air—

Broad lakes which mirror in their placid depths
Primeval forests and the ancient hills,
White glaciers that, with grim and ponderous steps,
Keep their slow pace with time's unceasing mills—

Great rivers, straining at their rugged shores,
Beating their breasts on rock and waterfall,
And hidden deep the precious yellow stores
In quest of which brave men have risked their all.

Alaska land! What other can compare
With her? In winter blast or summer calm,
Her grandeur and her beauty, both so rare,
Enrapture with their wonder and their charm.

*The Christian Science Monitor. Walter Aldrich Tenney.
April 3, 1930.*

EVER-BURNING.

Nothing has strength to quench the steadfast heart
That rests on mightier power than its own,
Of which it is eternally a part;
Not a device of darkness ever known
Shall shake this house, well-founded on a rock,
This edifice, this lighted tower that stands
Unwavering, despite the tempest-shock,
And beacons mariners past dangerous sands.

This lamp is trimmed; this keeper is on duty,
Safe guide of more than he can be aware;
This golden shaft of light, this candle-beauty,
Star of the coast, lit with unerring care,
In every twilight, this white candle-power,
This quenchless heart, dispels the darkened hour.

The Christian Science Monitor. Isabel Fiske Conant.

THE DESERT'S PLEA.

They wrong me who proclaim
That I am but a desert waste,
I only sleep and beauty's best
I may supremely taste.

You have not summonsed forth
 My forces nor have deeply called
My fettered energy that waits
 By guarding hillsides walled.

The centuries have held
 My bounden silence wholly good,
Then grant me this, oh eager man,
 I have not understood.

But give me cooling drink;
 Invest me with your wooing skill
And then behold my readiness
 To answer to your will.

I slumber as a child
 Who has not heard its nurse's voice;
Cry out, lift up, for sleeping thus
 I have not any choice!

The Christian Science Monitor.

Maude de Verse Newton.

February 12, 1930.

KETTLEDRUMS.

The seagulls float above the dune
Against a gale of wind, to tune
 Of giant breakers—tones which roar
Like kettledrums upon the shore.

To symphony of sound they pound
Incessant rhythms on the ground.

Strange melodies sing on the breeze,
Re-echoing among the trees.

The lake's vast orchestra—in tune—
Plays symphonies below the dune.

The Chicago (Ill.) Daily News.

Clara Edmunds-Hemingway.

"Hit or Miss." March 20, 1930.

BALLADE OF TIGHT MONEY.

(After Chesterton.)

The checkbook on my table, people say,
Is new and neat, and bulging like a ball;
I dash my name off in a careless way,
As one who minds the process not at all;
But just as all my trusters, great and small,
Are drawing a deep breath to shout, "Hooray!"
The strangest whim has seized me—after all,
I think I will not pay my bills today.

They say "A Lover's Kiss" is somewhat gay—
"The Girl from Paris" packs the Capitol—
"One Hectic Night" is turning crowds away;
While all the critics praise "The Maiden's Fall."
After the show the charms of feasting call;
Henrici's or the College Inn, I say!
Gadding about requires wherewithal—
I think I will not pay my bills today.

Let me enjoy the fleshpots while I may;
Home brew, the ponies, games of chance, enthrall;
Much cash is needed on the Great White Way;
Too soon the wine of living turns to gall.
A set of books looks well along the wall—
Just charge it—I have other things to pay.
What's that? Two tickets to the Hangmen's Ball!
I think I will not pay my bills today.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, even you have known the bankrupt's call,
The dollars fluttering in their well-known way.
Maybe today the price of stocks will fall—
I think I will not pay my bills today.

The Chicago (Ill.) Daily News.

George Steele Seymour.

"Hit or Miss." April 26, 1930.

SHEPHERD'S PURSE.

(A white flowering annual having pouchlike pods.)

A shepherd's purse
Holds simple things—
A drop of dew,
A firefly's wings,
A bit of blue
From brooding sky,
Or high sweet notes
That whistled by
When Pan slipped close
And touched a reed—
Such simple things,
But God's own creed.

The Chicago (Ill.) Daily News. *Sadie Seagrave.*
"Hit or Miss."

THERE'S A DEVIL . . .

There's a devil in your eyes,
It leers at me tonight
As you lounge there dreaming
In the candlelight.

One silk-clad pajama leg,
Thrown across the chair,
Hints of hidden splendor,
In your copper hair.

Gleam of bare foot swinging free,
Pendulum of love,
Keeping time to passions
Of the gods above.

All the vice of ancient Rome,
All the spell of Greece,
Flaunts before my vision,
Like a golden fleece.

There's a devil in your eyes,
Lost across the years,
Sleeping through the eons. . .
But tonight it leers!

The Chicago (Ill.) Tribune. *E. Leslie Spaulding.*

INDIAN SUMMER.

November days! when gardens sleep
And harvesting is o'er,
When birds have winged their southern flight
And wood folk gather store.

November days! when gracefully
Entwines the bittersweet,
Reminding us both joy and grief
May make our lives complete.

When dreamy, hazy shadows creep,
And trees have lost their leaves,
And each brown branch is listening
To whispering winds and grieves

To see the havoc of the frost
On hill and valley, too.

And when the "Ghost of Summer" comes
And throws her mantle blue

O'er all the landscape round about,
We look, 'neath autumn skies,
At nature's panorama grand
With soul as well as eyes.

The Cincinnati Enquirer.

M. Maude Mitchell.

A DAY APART.

This morning had a quiet way of waking;
Across the hills it swept like silver spray.
There was no cry to cleave the dawn; no breaking,
Scurrying storm-clouds to forecast the coming day.
How could I know when purple shades of gloaming
Had crept across the tawny, sun-baked sod,
One who had fared with me in all life's morning
Would wing her way across the Blue to God?

My mother had a gentle way of going . . .
A hush enshrouded earth and vaulted dome,
While stars stooped low to light her way, not knowing
How well she knew the cloud-swept pathway Home.
And as I looked with wistful, tear-dimmed eyes
The gates swung wide for her in Paradise.

Cincinnati Times-Star.
May 7, 1930.

Shirley Dillon Waite.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

A woman's love's a foolish thing ;
She knows no depth or bound
To which she would not rashly fling
Herself, if means were found.

Were she an angel up above,
The man an imp below,
She'd risk her very soul for love
And to those regions go.

She'd forfeit heaven's endless bliss,
And deem her bargain well,
To enter such low depth as this,
To be with him—in hell.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

J. Alvin Garrett.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Green is the grass, where sleep the dead
On many a far-flung field ;
The sobs are hushed ; the tears are shed ;
The founts of blood congealed.
Time's gentle hand erased the stains
That hate and strife applied,
And only memory remains
Where flows the ruddy tide.

With memory let us walk today
Through tangled fields of gore,
Amid the tumult of the fray ;
Its anguish feel once more.
That better we may kneel and bless
The hour that brought surcease
And realize the lowness
And happiness of peace.

The Cincinnati Times Star.

W. R. Dineen.

EVOLUTION.

A single cell
Plus an age of years,
And here am I
In this vale of tears !

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Edith F. Snyder.

MY DOG.

As I sit alone by the glowing fire,
With never a friend but thee,
And watch as you gaze in the leaping flames
And ponder on what you see.
Then I dream of a long-forgotten plain,
The place where the half-brutes trod,
And dim in the distance the picture comes
Of a wolf, and man, his God;
And far o'er the slippery stone-gouged ice,
Out where the mammoth hide,
And the saber-tooth lurks, the caveman goes,
With the half-wolf at his side;
At the end of the chase, the twelvetined stag,
Well knowing the end is nigh,
Savagely turns at the head of the pack,
And the old hound leaps—to die—
Down through the dim, dusty cities of time,
Nineveh, Babylon, Dan;
I see thee—then waken to catch thine eye,
And know thy God, too, is man.

Ah, to know my God were a wondrous thing,
Just to learn His ev'ry sign,
Yet I wonder then if I'd come to know
That my God is as poor as thine.

The Cincinnati Times-Star. Stanley W. Whitehouse.

THE ENDURANCE CRAZE.

Over the country in every State;
In all the cities and towns,
Are people crazed by endurance tests,
And lads that roost like clowns,
Auto tests, and bicycling
Are too familiar sights;
Then there is flag-pole sitting
And air endurance flights.

Fatalities and tragedies
Seem not to stop this craze,
But those who offer prize awards
Are worse in many ways.

Encouragement in foolishness
Can not be wise or kind,
For morons in America
Are not too hard to find.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Magdalena Baker.

THE LIAR.

On his lips a jest, a merry joke—
Within his breast . . . his heart—that broke.

The Cincinnati Times-Star. Howard Maxwell Bogart.

THINKING OF DAYS GONE BY.

I went into the children's room,
Sat upon a chair;
In my imagination I could see the babies there.
I sat thinking of the days gone by,
And of their nightly prayer;
I looked upon their little beds,
I saw my babies there,
As I had often watched them
Throwing things around
Until in the morning nothing could be found.
In memory I could see them
Covering up their little heads,
When they heard me coming to their little beds,
Closing eyes so tightly,
Just the faintest smile—
These are some of the things that make life worth while.
It's just a memory now;
But when I feel sad and lonely,
And a-feeling blue,
Thinking of the little ones
Is the finest thing to do;
Thinking, thinking, thinking
Is all that's left to do.
So I just keep on thinking;
Thoughts do no harm,
And I wouldn't give my thoughts
For a king's ransom this morn,
Going into that same room,

Sitting in that same chair,
Looking at my babies' bed,
To see my grandson there,
Lying on the pillows with his little head,
Peeping from the covers of his daddy's bed,
Brings back sweetest memories
I've ever had before;
Then he threw his Teddy Bear out on the floor;
Big brown eyes look up at me to see if I am sore,
As his dear old daddy did in days of yore.
You may have your treasures and gold galore,
But I'd sooner have my babies throwing things upon
the floor.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Mrs. K. Doherty.

WARNING.

I'm the ghost of the unknown soldier,
Patrolling the shores of fate;
My twisted bones have rattled the time
Of a horrible hymn of hate.

Soon men may build more ships of glass,
And load them with crimson blood;
While the rudders will plow a narrow pass,
On the emerald ocean's flood.

There will be no rest for one who waits,
Nor for one who goes again;
We who have borne the brunt of war,
Have not yet sleeping lain.

So chisel no marble monuments,
For the youths who defend their lands,
Cheap wooden crosses will serve as well,
Till the whole world understands.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Georgia D. Valentiner.

WHITE MAGIC.

Gayly the snow flakes are flying and fluttering,
Fluttering merrily down from the sky;
Hurrying, scurrying,
Faltering, flurrying,
Riding each gust of wind as it comes by,
Recklessly riding it ere it shall die.

Light-hearted wanderers, gaily adventuring
Over the countryside—over the town;
 Swarming it, storming it,
 Wholly transforming it
With your white magic of feathery down;
Wrapping about it a shimmering gown.

You have enchanted my soul by your conjuring,
 Charmed me with beauty your magic has wrought;
 Thrilling me, stilling me,
 With wonder filling me—
Wonder which all of your artistry brought,
Wonder with musings of fairyland fraught.

The Cincinnati Times-Star. *Ella Colter Johnston.*

LIFE'S PATHWAY.

Oh, why should I my life compare
 To yonder lovely hawthorne tree?
Tho many thorns may sting and tear,
 Behold the blossoms there for me.
Far up I reach, I have no fear;
 I grasp a lovely thorny spray;
The thorns mean naught, my conscience clear;
 With heart that's light I go my way.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Isola M. Ohaver.*

TO A BRIDE'S HOME.

I hope that love will always shine
 Within your home-to-be
So bright that all who pass will stop—amazed
 To look and see
Its lovely light, and turn away
 To envy thee.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen. *Helen Myra Ross.*
September 29, 1930.

A FACE IN THE CROWD.

Among the thronging crowds today,
I looked into a stranger's face—
It brought elusive memories
Of quiet pools—of star-filled space.
The secret places of her soul
I seemed to enter through her eyes,
Stood dumb before the open gates
Of her heart . . . knew in glad surprise—
Somewhere we'd gathered silver flowers
In fairy gardens of our dreams;
And wandered, robed in spirit white
O'er meadows, where a pale moon gleams;
All silently we'd walked across
The fields of Fancy; roamed afar;
And climbed the ladder, side by side,
That leads up to the Morning Star.
We passed on, like ships in the night,
And though we never may again
Meet face to face—or hand touch hand,
My heart will sing a glad refrain—
Because I found among the crowds
One who in some dim past I knew;
Before the earth or heavens were formed,
When all the universe was new.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Virginia Eaton.*
April 15, 1930.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS.

God grant me grace to go as these
Tranquil, upon the restless sea
Of ravenous time,—though east or west
My bark may stray—the crucial test
May call for tears . . . a fond farewell . . .
Proud hopes relinquished,—who can tell?
God grant me grace to go as these—
Tranquil upon life's changing seas
Touching the sacramental goals
As these courageous mother-souls.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
Kathryn McCormick Smith.

NIGHTFALL.

Lo, in the west the evening star
Has left the door of dusk ajar.
While sunset colors in the sky
Blaze for a while, then fade and die;
The night steals in on us once more;
With gentle firmness shuts the door.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Mary E. Schanck.*

OLD THINGS

There is a charm and beauty in old things
That time has mellowed. Lands and cities quaint
And curious; temples that knew restraint
Of age and custom; even the robes of kings
Take on a glory as each swift year brings
Them faded lustre. Sculpture and painting boast
An ancient name, and old songs grip us most
Because of those dead bards who gave them wings.

In all about us is this truth revealed:
Old stars are jagged in an ancient sky;
The aged sea, whose breaking waves are whirled
Against old shores; the fire of April sealed
In hoary caverns, and that mighty cry
Of winds that are more ancient than the world.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Tessa Sweazy Webb.*
April, 1930.

REFLECTIONS.

Now windows catch the ruddy glow
Of color in the flaming west.
Trees stand like silhouettes below,
Reflected on the river's crest.
The sunset hour paints loveliness
With deftness of sweet nature's art;
And twilight paints I must confess,
Lost dreams of love upon my heart!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Mildred Schanck.*
August 12, 1930.

THE LITTLE RED HOUSE.

O, it's not in mansions my heart finds rest,
Nor is happiness based on size,
For my heart is at peace and life gains zest
In the little red house I love the best,
'Neath the smile of the country skies.

There's a little black road that winds along
And a stream wends its narrow way—
Just a little brook but its tinkling song
And the winding road, like a magnet strong,
Keep on leading my thoughts astray.

O, I'll go again out the little road,
To the place of my love and prayer ;
In the little red house I'll leave my load,
For there dwells a friend in the tiny abode,
With a heart big enough to care !

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Helen Smales.*
February 24, 1930.

WRECKS.

He sits among the ruins of his boat,
Where sails . . . once high, are now forever furled ;
The great hulk lies deserted and afloat—
Too soon to be forgotten, by the world.
He slowly paces up and down the deck,
His heart is full of visions, framed in haze . . .
Once more, his old boat races, neck and neck,
With others of its kind . . . in care-free days ;
Again, he is the captain of his ship . . .
Which braves the sea, in answer to command ;
Through gale and foam, he sees it rise, and dip,
Then flounder, on life's ragged, jagged, strand.
He sits among the ruins of his dreams . . .
While, on two wrecks, the sunlight softly gleams.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.
Theressa M. De Fosset.

THE TOP OF THE HILL.

The sun is hot on the pavements.
My birch trees are cool as jade;
I turn from the dazzling sidewalks
To the top of the hill and shade.

The thoroughfares are weary
With tumults that never cease;
But up in my quiet garden
At the top of the hill is peace.

All that I want of the city,
Is its skyline of turret and dome
Framed by my western casement
On the top of the hill at home.

The Claremont Press.
January 3, 1930.

Alice Harlow Stetson.

MY HOME.

I want not a house by the wayside
Where the crowds go hurrying by;
I ask not to mingle with masses
Who respect neither pain nor sigh.
I care not to watch the procession
In its selfish and ruthless rush,
Behold the sad plight of the weaker,
The stronger the fallen ones crush.

But give me a home on some hillside
Where the valley stretches afar,
With soughing winds that whistle within
The house, with its door ajar;
Where sun and moon o'er the hilltops rise
And the stars look serenely down,
Where Nature, fond Mother, bestoweth
Sweetest smiles to soften her frown.

'Tis there I would greet the wild thunder
Resounding from hill unto hill,
Delight in the flash of the lightning
And joy in the night when 'tis still.
All times and within all the seasons
My soul would go out in its quest
To tune itself with the Great Spirit
And peacefully rest on Its breast.

I would not retire from my brothers.
I would have them make a wide path
That would lead straight up to my fireside
 Away from the world and its wrath.
And there in communion with Nature,
 With ears listening close to her heart,
We'd strive life's deep meaning to fathom
 By being of Nature a part.

The Concord (N. H.) Monitor.

November 12, 1930.

Edwin Gordon Lawrence.

TO MOTHERS; EVERYWHERE.

To mothers young and beautiful, to mothers worn and gray—
To you, who share our firesides and you, long miles away.
To all, our praises now we sing,
And gladly do we tribute bring,
 To honor you today.
And, if you're gone, your memory, through each recurring year
With benediction in its wake, returns again to cheer.
We think of you with tenderness,
Your presence comes again, to bless
 In memories so dear.

The Cumberland (Md.) Daily News.

May 10, 1930.

Sara Roberta Getty.

MIGRATORY.

Hurling bright spears of silver
 Toward the retreating sky,
The gallant squadrons of wild geese
 Go bugling by.

And my heart, tuned to the music
 Of that fleet, feathered throng,
Struggles to follow its flight
 In high, tumultuous song.

The Dallas (Texas) Morning News. *Lucie Gill Price.*

KEEPSAKES

In the attic there is a chest that is covered with dust,
Pushed back in a corner and hidden from curious
eyes.

A chest that holds nothing of value—nothing of price—
Just a battered box where a dream and a memory lies.

Leave it untouched—I can tell you all that it holds:

An old rag doll and a book with the pages torn.
(Strange that the book should be Milton's 'Paradise
Lost')

And lie near an orange flower wreath that a bride
had worn.)

There are old letters, a glove, and photograph,
A bow of crepe, and the wilted bud of a rose—
Then over them all like the petals of cherry blooms,
Yellowing now, lie a baby's . . . folded . . . clothes . . .

The Deseret News.

Edith Cherrington.

GOLD STAR PILGRIMS.

A worm bored through a mussel crust,
Straightway a pearl congealed
In sparkling solace on the spot
With lustrous touch that healed.

Though some now look through shell-shocked eyes
That are too filled with sight
Of war's vermillion memories,
Our pilgrims watch a light

Torch whitely down once-troubled minds
That know those hidden husks
Need never grope through shadowed years
Unsouled—to final dusks.

Oh, monstrances of God's own breath!
And man's mortality!
What have you done that prostrate life
Still ticks incessantly?

Do your gray specters stumble on
To leave us comforted
That Holy Death's illumined hands
Have healed our Flanders dead?

The Detroit News.
"Random Shots." July 22, 1930.

Cecilia Maloney.

TO YOUTH.

I envy you your dreams,
Alas, that dreams must fade;
Age loses all the starry hope
Of which new dreams are made.

And Youth, I envy too
Your fresh, unsullied years,
The fabric of old years becomes
Enmeshed with tears.

The Dominion News.

Elizabeth Davis Richards.

IN THE CEDAR SWAMP.

Perfume of cedars that fill the breeze,
Resinous buds that adorn the trees,
Beckon me on where the moss is cool,
Piled soft and green, like a great footstool
Deep in the heart of the cedar swamp,
Where all the elves of the woodland romp.

Bubbling springs that are pure and cold,
Cowslips as yellow as burnished gold,
Birdsongs like echoes from paradise
Thrill me, and deeper my steps entice,
'Till in the presence of God I stand,
Lovingly, trustingly, hand in hand.

There, while the whispering wind goes by,
He shows me beauty of tree and sky;
Cedars with roots that are shiny red,
Bark that is grey, branches green o'erhead,
Up where the swamp angels love to play
And herald approach of the coming day.

There in the swamp when the sun has set,
Far from the worry, and toil, and fret,
Cool, and at peace on the moss I lay,
Watching the cloudships sail far away.
Throne room of God where the woodnymphs play
There let me rest at the close of day.

The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. *J. A. Haining.*
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust." May 23, 1930.

WE'LL DRY THE DISHES, BETTY

You were surprised to get a letter from me,
Away off here in the West;
Two thousand miles away from home,
"Away from the old home nest." . . .
I have no home, I sold my home
To get two thousand miles away.
Deplore the fact that I'm gone, do you?
Well, I'm here, and I'm gonna stay.
Far away from friends and relations,
Too far for them to visit me—
"You can't see what ever possessed me!"
Well, there's a heap that folks can't see.

For twenty long years I've fed 'em,
These precious city friends and kin;
In silent wrath and bitterness
And hate, that maybe was a sin—
I've slaughtered chickens and picked 'em and rid 'em
And prepared the garden truck,
With eyes streaming with onion juice—
And thought, some folks have all the luck;
But I must get the dinner on
In time to have it ready
That they might eat, then kindly say,
"We'll dry the dishes, Betty."

For twenty long years I've stood over the stove. . . .
In hottest July weather,
Blinded with sweat, I've silently cussed
And condemned them altogether,
To a hotter place than the firebed
Of my massive kitchen range;
And when I'm too wrought up to eat,
They think it very strange.
When loaded with food they saunter off
To the Southwest porch where it's cool,
And stretch them in hammock and rocking chairs,
And there I stand like a darned old fool
And sizzle and smoke, and Aunt Lou calls
From the shade of the vines, "Oh, Betty!
If you'll do the dishes on the porch, we'll dry them,
Just call us when you're ready!"

For twenty long years my hands have soaked
In hard water and washing powder,

And each year grown a little rougher and
Each year I've cussed a little louder.
Last Christmas they brought me a strainer
And mixing bowl from the ten cent store;
"The straw that broke the camel's back,"
I thought—and bitterly I swore,
This time next year, my city kin,
I wonder where you'll dine;
In somebody's home I'll venture to say,
But of this I'm certain, it won't be mine.

Then I sacked the barnyard and cellar,
And piled the table high;
I thought—this is the last you'll get,
Now eat, gol darn you, eat till you die!
When they staggered into the living room,
Heavy with punkin and turkey and dressing,
And sprawled them out before the fire,
Their inflated “tummies” caressing
And fondling—even before they called
“Let us know when you are ready!”
I knew it was not the mixing bowl,
But . . . “We'll dry the dishes, Betty.”

*The El Paso (Texas) City and County.
Labor Advocate. Julia Daingerfield Glass.*

TO EACH ONE I'LL SAY

Beyond the winter's violet hills
The sun, a saffron ball,
Departs through western gates of gold
Then silvery twilight fall.

The brilliant morning hues light up
The blue sky far above
And make it seem a gardenful
Of roses that I love.

I could not choose a favorite one
Rose or red, gold or white,
For each was lovely in its way
And made for heart's delight.

But when my garden blows again
Then to each rose I'll say
God made you queen of blossoms once,
And now again today.

The Hartford Courant. Florence Van Fleet Lyman.
April 20, 1930.

THE GUEST'S PRAYER

Let me never bore the members of this family—
I would rather shock them than make them yawn.
Keep me from telling ancient jokes and outworn
stories.
Let me never repeat the point to any tale.
Help me to be a good listener.
Let me draw out each of the household
To tell me of the things that interest him.
And, O Lord! let not my host or hostess seek to enter-
tain me;
Neither let me upset the routine of their daily lives.
Let them consider me a sensible individual
Aware that no household machinery
Runs smoothly all the time;
So, if the bread burn,
Or the baby drag out the family skeleton,
Let them laugh and enjoy the humor of the occasion.
Give me the wisdom to escape to my room at the proper
time,
Allowing the family to enjoy some moments alone.
If I should break some treasured souvenir,
Let me not be over-regretful,
But give me the wisdom to know
That my happiness is more to my friends
Than a piece of glass or china.
Let them know that I truly appreciate
Their hospitality.
Let me not outstay my welcome,
But have the good sense to go on the appointed hour;
And let me leave nothing for my hostess
To send after me!

*The Dothan (Ala.) Eagle. Scottie McKenzie Frasier.
"As We See It." November 5, 1930.*

AUTUMN MUSIC.

I wish that I could hear as well as I now see
The music blown—that zooming leaf a crimson note—
From every jack-o'-lantern-like, accordion tree,
Glissading obligatos purple breezes quote.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Ralph Cheyney.
October 28, 1930.*

NUUANU WATERFALL.

Over a sheer and staring cliff,
That rests upon the skies,
The old gods dropped a waterfall
From heavy, weeping eyes.

Down toward the valley's waiting floor
They threw its silver thread,
And watched it where it gleamed against
The mountain's green and red.

Then broken hearted, they decreed
That it should never near
The sullen earth that must not know
The touch of god-like tear.

So calling forth a passing wind,
They bade it catch the fall,
And raise it to the skies again
Above the mountain's wall.

*The Honolulu (H. T.) Star-Bulletin. R. Carroll Pew.
"Down to Cases." June 23, 1930.*

YOUTH

Laughing, you ran and drew the window up;
Stretched out your arms across the April night
As if the breeze were nectar you could sup,
Or you would join the wind-clouds' wisping flight,
And you cried, "You and I and love are young—
Tell me: For us life holds this happiness!"
And you leaned back, so your bright hair was flung
Upon my shoulder in a soft caress.—
So thrilled, we turned again into the sky
Past the grey harbor's many-chimneyed smoke,
And here crept all the darkened streets nearby,
And I looked down. Just now, how quick you spoke!—
The dim mysterious factories and ships
Suddenly dried the laughter on our lips.

The Honolulu (H. T.) Star-Bulletin.

Sadie Li.

THE SEA WHIRLPOOL.

At the noon when the sea-breeze died,
Like a great blue glass, the sea
Often dazzlingly reflected the frozen colored sun.

On such noon, between the isles,
A great blue whirlpool was eddying;
Fathomless whirlpool, unseen even a fish
In the silent sea at noon.

Passing by it in a little boat,
I thought it the mermaid's old nest.
What a deep whirlpool!
Such a deep and chilly blue color
As human blood that boiling in the crucible
Will be frozen up at once.

Passing by it, I thought again!
When there was no life in the world,
Under the shining sun at noon,
Such a whirlpool would be eddying
With a chill blue color everywhere in the ocean.

The sea was silent as the world died;
It was a dazzling noon of summer.
Only sun and whirlpool lived.

The Honolulu (H. T.) Star-Bulletin. Green Willow.
"Slants by Gessler." June 7, 1930. (Y. Aoyagi)

IF DREAMS WERE TRUE

What would we do
If dreams came true?
We'd be poor and rich
Or we couldn't tell which;
We would be kings and queens
In their palankeens;
We'd own the islands, and own the seas
We'd plant the poles with orange trees.
Else be a bunny who ran and reeled
Head over foot in a clover field.
We would turn the valleys upside down
And roll uphill when we went to town.
We'd catch the fishes to make them play

All hide and seek in the new mown hay.
We would give the birdies fur coats and hose
That they could sing through winter snows.
We'd have a mountain all of gold
To give away to the poor, the old
And babes could travel like grown up men
Then change right back to be kids again.
We would make a doll house in the moon
And then would stir with its silver spoon
All the clouds in the bowl they call the skies
But leave the stars for cherry pies.
On the winds we would fly with never a care
If the gas was low, for we'd run on air.
All this and more the dreamers do
Say! Don't you wish your dreams were true?

The Harbor Springs Graphic. *Charles A. Heath.*
October 23, 1930.

ARMY WIVES.

(And especially dedicated to the ones at Ft. Hamilton.)

They've known the northland, bleak and cold;
They've learned the sternness mountains hold;
 The bite of alkali.
They've made a home in lonely lands
Where tropic oceans pound the sands
 And palm trees bend and sigh.

They've trekked across the desert plain,
Part of the khaki army train
 That's always on the move.
They shed no tears. With small heads high
They bid a soldierly good-bye,
 And leave the friends they love.

With bugle calls to clock their day
They've traveled on in cheerful way
 Where orders bade them go.
The garrisons they've made a place
To cultivate housewifely grace,
 And sweep, and cook, and sew.

They love the man whose name they bear
They love Old Glory, fluttering there
 Above the distant trees.
No matter where they're called to roam
They gamely build anew their home,
 And claim no gods but these.

Home Talk-Star.

"About a Column." August 15, 1930.

Lou Wylie.

AUGUST.

Now that summer days are waning,
Summer garments rather shabby,
On our dense gray matter's dawning
 That our purse is rather flabby.
We dodge the Tom Thumb Golf Course,
 We must darn our ancient hose,
Hoping some well-meaning dark horse
 Will magically dispel our bill-collecting Foes.

Home Talk-Star.

"About a Column."

Frances M. Lipp.

IRISH FIDDLER.

I fiddled when I was fourteen,
 And my father he chortled with glee
When I pulled out some tune of the green
 Little island off over the sea.
Oh, I fiddled when I was fourteen,
 And the girls danced around with the men;
And often 'twas heard in between:
 "Let's have that one over again."

I fiddled when I was fourteen—
 Yes, hardly knew when I began,
And they all thought it plain to be seen,
 I'd be famous when I was a man.
Oh, I fiddled when I was fourteen,
 And up till today—sixty-four.
Now they laugh at my songs that are clean,
 And never get out on the floor.

I fiddled when I was fourteen
For set after set in our hall;
But now they are not to be seen,
My father nor mother nor all.
Oh, I fiddled when I was fourteen,
For pleasure, and not as a task;
But I fiddle no longer so keen,
And only at home, when they ask.

I fiddled when I was fourteen.
And the fiddle was always my friend;
It never was wayward, nor mean,
And I'll cherish it clear to the end.
Oh, I fiddled when I was fourteen,
And better with years, many say;
But now I've been spent with routine,
And my power it is ebbing away.

Oh, I fiddled when I was fourteen,
And will, till I hear final call;
Then I'll play for the saints and the queen,
For my father and mother and all.

*The Jacksonville (Ill.) Daily Journal. John Kearns.
"The Magic Light." November 6, 1930.*

SAMSON RESURGENS.

(On Hearing the Bacchanale of Samson and Delilah of
Saint-Saens.)

Faintly the tinkling of lutes with a weird and melodious
passion
Charges the air, and stealing with sensuous, succubal
strains to the heart,
Inflames your desires, and with rhythmical cravings
Keeps time to the notes of the sibilant flute.
Your eyelids then droop to the lull and the urge of the
Orient,
Which like hasheesh benumbeth your stridulous senses.
Then the clap of the cymbals awakes in you visions and
dreams;
How the vestals of Astroth in serpentine tremors
And many contortions circle and coil!
Dancing the dance of Astarte and Milcam,
Of Dagan and Tamuz, of Moloch and Baal.
Hot cometh the breath from the furnace of passion,

And now they recoil, as the flute weaveth its dulcet
nepenthe

On the heart-strings again.

And wine floweth redder than blood in chalice and
goblet,

Libations to Astroth, a tribute to Baal.

Redder than rubies it sparkles in urns of Phoenician
vitrus.

“Drink,” crieth a noble, and passeth the cruse to a tot-
tering slave,

Who, leaning against a column of onyx, mutters and
groans,

With eyeless sockets staring into the bleak and vacuous
distance.

“Drink,” the tympanum clamors and surges;

“Drink, fool of Jehovah, thou master of riddles, De-
lilah is waiting, is waiting.”

And paler growtheth the face of the slave as he totters
and sways;

“Give me the cup” and the wine flows redder than
blood.

“Drink,” the tympanum bellows and urges;

“Drink,” whispers the flute, “oh drink to Astarte,
The goddess of mirth and of love.”

Was it the peal of the thunder, the crash of the marble,
The grating of stone upon stone?

“Flee,” screamed the horn; “Flee,” warned the trumpet;

“Flee,” crashed the cymbaline drone;

And with a roar of the outcry of thousands

The temple of Dagan lay shattered and crumbled to
dust,

And writhing bodies impaled 'neath onyx and marble,
An offering to Milcam,

A tribute to Moloch.

They found next day, so narrates the legend—

The body of Samson still clasping some fragments of
stone—

A crash—and the music ceased.

TO ENGLAND.

Why have you failed us, England,
We, whose bones are the pavements of the Earth,
We, who watched empires' birth,
And followed empires' biers,
But fearless of all fears,
Were never false to our pledge?

Why have you failed us, England,
Barring our eternal goal,
Wounding the soul of our soul,
Putting out the solitary ray
Of our dawning day—
We—never false to our pledge?

Why have you failed us, England,
Turning your word to sham and shame,
Using a Nation's sacred flame,
As a toy in your imperial game,
And at your abyss's brink
Never stooped to think
You could not kill our pledge?

Why have you failed us, England,
We, who true to Truth,
Sent the noblest of our youth
To build an age-forsaken land,
And sow and plant on desert sand,
Carrying the torch of a pledge?

Right your wrong, O England!
Tread not in the dust
A Nation's trust,
For no empire is strong
By deed of wrong
To crush Israel's pledge.

The Jewish Tribune.
October 31, 1930.

Philip M. Raskin.

SELFISHNESS.

A cruel trap beside a frozen lair,
A furry pelt, to make the fair more fair.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times. Minnie Kellum Young.
"Whispers." September 10, 1930.

GOOD REASONING.

I want
My husband
To hate me,

Don't gasp
It's safer—Quite!

I read
Of a man
Who so loved
His own wife

That he killed
Her with dynamite!!!

The Kansas City Journal-Post.

September 5, 1930.

Violet Thomas Hartmann.

THE SEPARATION.

The flesh is me and I the soul,
Both groping in the night,
Each clinging to the massive whole;
With arms and fingers tight.

We are bound with a silver cord
Until the parting day,
When me will perish by the sword,
And I will fly away.

And when the last sad hour is come
And we no longer joy,
Poor me will then be cold and dumb,
And I will shout, "Ahoy!"

And when the ship comes sailing by
To breast the open sea,
Its chosen pilot will be I,
O God! then pity me!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. Henry Polk Lowenstein.
October 23, 1930.

BOULDER DAM.

I am the River!!!
Outlaw! All vicious and strong!!!
My sinuous length,
A serpent of strength;
I have ruled, reckless and long.

I have ravaged the gorge and the lowland,
Trampled on the grove and the grain,
Strangled puny men of the upland,
Defied them again and again.
But fingers are closing about me,
Hands relentless, of Jovian steel,
Are forging a prison to flout me,
Inevitable serfdom I feel.
And, now, they clutch at my coiling;
My fury shall be changed into light,
My strength shall be set to toiling,
My conquerors using my might.

Where once, I wove Death and Disasters;
I shall weave, for aye and a day,
Bright clothing of gold for my Masters;
I am done with Death, and with Play.

*The Las Vegas (Nev.) Review Journal. O. D. Thomas.
September 17, 1930.*

EPHEMERAL.

Let us remember ephemeral things:
The play of the sun on soaring wings,
The ripples that under the bridge have spread,
Shadows advancing or those that have fled.
How true it is that the life of a man,
In memory thus extends its span.

When we remember, things come alive.
Their beauty and promise again may strive.
Though a sunset's fire no man can build,
Shall we forget that our souls were filled
With peace when its glory had lent us wings?
Let us remember ephemeral things!

*The Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal.
April 17, 1930. Kalfus Kurtz Gusling.*

THE SYMPHONY.

Today we watched a symphony,
 You and I,
A harmony of color
 In the sky.

Vivid, flaming, daring,
 Music to the eye,
Softening, ending like an anthem,
 There on high.

Then I saw a closed door open,
 In your eye,
And your soul, fragile, beautiful,
 Went by.

I dared not touch you,
 Trembling, I stood by,
I could not reach you,
 With love's muted cry.

The Los Angeles Times.

Anne Pedersen.

LINNETS.

Like Autumn leaves the linnets fluttered down
From grey-green sycamores beside my gate;
They scratched for seeds in all my flower beds
And talked and sang together as they ate.

I know I should have scared them off
For what a sin for birds to dig up seeds!
But somehow bird songs are worth while
E'en though instead of flowers I get weeds.

What busy creatures little linnets are!
Their voices lilting like a sweet guitar;
I think today I'll hang the bird house out,
Then there'll be more dear linnets hereabout.

The Mill Valley Record. *Ruby MacLeod Taylor.*
November 7, 1930.

WHEN IT COMES TO GARDENS.

When it comes to gardens, I'm like the honey bee. You
may own and weed and water but your garden
blooms for me. And not to gardens only the
bee and I make love, but to each dainty flower
that grows deep in a wildwood grove.

The bee and I go wandering with gardens for our goal.
He sucks the honey for his hive, I—sweetness
for my soul. With care he builds his honey
cells; with care I build my verse and yet we
leave, the bee and I, your garden none the
worse.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. *Margo Fischer.*
September 5, 1930.

THE BUILDERS.

I often wonder if in building
Structures reaching to the sky
The builders' souls extend arms upward
Also to the heavens high.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times. *Robert Schreffler.*
"Whispers." December, 1930.

THE PASSING TRAINS.

Who is this woman at the open door of her low shack
Built on the mountain-side?
She waves to every train that passes by.
The engineer or fireman waves back.
She knows no man who travels on the line
And none knows her. She waves to dreams,
To all that seems to her the best in life—
The row of small white tables, set with glass
And silver, in the long, wide-windowed car;
The people sitting there who travel far;
The men that bend to serve them as they pass.
She turns back, then, to empty rooms, until
She hears the next train climbing the long hill.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times. *Florida Watts Smyth.*
"Whispers."

TOWERS.

Towers
Of tolerance rise
High above the slums of
Bigotry, standing like giants
On the skyline of time.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times. *William Allen Ward.*
"Whispers."

RENO TULIPS.

“Perchance an unrepented sin,
That like nepenthe still entralls,
Limned out my pathway from the din,
And led me past the Court House walls.

“Enraptured, paused I there a space
For all about the angled walls
Flamboyant tulips showed a face
So like those in the Court House halls.

“Repressed, gray ones like burned out fires,
White ones, red-flecked, blood drops on snow,
Sun-yellow many, as church spires,
And purple ones, bowed down with woe.

“Black-red with passion one there slept
Full-lipped, so all the world might know,
The gardener plucked of all, except
The black-red one I wanted so.”

The Nevada State Journal.

Bertha Raffetto.

May 4, 1930.

TWILIGHT.

Stars begin peeping,
A moon creeps high,
Land zephyrs on water,
Sweet night is nigh.

Shadows no longer,
Somewhere a sigh,
Our souls are but weeping,
A day gone by.

Is there an after
Needless suppose,
Dawn is all laughter,
Night—repose.

The Nevada State Journal. *John Harsen Rhoades.*

March 13, 1930.

STRENGTH.

Oh, the soft little cheek that is pressed close to mine,
And the large eyes so dimpled and blue;
The pink rose-leaf fingers and dimpled fat hands
Belong, my dear baby, to you.

We'll not mind the storm that goes raging outside,
But I'll rock and I'll rock you away,
To that quaint, dainty fairyland, dreamland we know,
Where the dear little dream babies play.

I'll clasp, clasp you close, as we drift slowly by,
So safe from all fears and alarms!
Ah, baby, my love, see how strong mother is,
Why she holds the whole world in her arms!

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser. Mrs. H. A. N.

TO THE AMERICAN LEGION.

Who bore, for freedom and for right
To lands across the sea
Oppressed by hand of tyrant might
Our pledge of liberty.

Who braved the rain and hail of death
On France's blood-drenched field
And felt the poison-laden breath
Of War, yet would not yield.

E'en though the price of life they paid,—
High honor to them all
Who such great sacrifices made
Obeying duty's call.

And honor to them all who now
Have laid aside their arms
To forge the steel and guide the plow,
To serve in marts and farms.

The needs of peace. True patriots
Are they who stand the test
Of peaceful living. May their lots
In this great land be blest.

*The News Democrat, Georgetown, Ohio.
September 25, 1930. Ruth Winslow Gordon.*

IMMUNITY OF BEAUTY.

Believing you were pure and virginal
I blindly worshipped beauty at your feet;
But you are twin of sin's original
Allure, with all the vices and deceit.

I curse you for your perfidy and lies,
And I would hate you, were I dutiful;
But I could never hate you, for your eyes
Are blue, and you are very beautiful.

The New York Graphic. *Clarence L. Haynie.*
"Your Broadway and Mine." May 27, 1930.

AFTER WAR.

Victors are bored, and victims bitterly
Bewail the chances that have brought defeat,
And break their swords, and on a barren tree
Hang up their harps, and hate the bread they eat,
The conquerors they serve, the impotence
Of their weak arms against the brutal might
Of stronger men, and most, the common sense
That points a calm acceptance of their plight.

When wars are over, and the struggles cease,
The ugly rage and the dull weariness
Are to the once embattled awful peace.
Victor and vanquished, in their hearts confess
That when the bitter truth at last is said,
The only undefeated are the dead.

The New York Herald-Tribune.

John Kingston Fineran.

COMMENCEMENT.

I heard their swift feet
Racing down the hall.
I hoped they would not fall,
Knowing they were not cautious. . . .
A far door slammed.
I heard a joyous call
To some one gone ahead.
And that was all.

The New York Herald-Tribune.

Ruth Evelyn Henderson.

COOL LONELY ONES.

Have mercy, Lord, on cool lonely ones,
Who sit with folded hands in their church pew,
And satisfied, contented with their lot,
Sing out of hymn books others wrote to you.

The New York Herald-Tribune.

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

LOVE'S ANCIENT OATH.

When I am old, and can no more remember
 How water gleams beneath a golden moon;
How coldly blue are shadows in December,
 And how the bees hold carnival in June;
When faintly sounds half-recollected thunder,
 And pale has grown the flame of sunset skies;
I shall recall, with all my old-time wonder,
 The dark, breath-taking beauty of your eyes.

When I am old, almost too old for sorrow,
 Too weary from the burdens of each day
To dream of joy in some remote tomorrow,
 Or overmuch to care for work or play;
When, chilled by age, I have forsaken all passion,
 All anger, pity, rapture or desire,
I still shall love you after my old fashion,
 Still burn for you with all my ancient fire.

The New York Herald-Tribune. *Paul Dillingham.*

THE GARGOYLE IN THE SNOW.

The gargoyle looked at the snowing town,
Bending lower—bending low—
 His old stone elbows reaching high
To touch the early snow.
The gargoyle looked at the sleeping town,
Bending lower—bending down
And he said, there's nothing new for the world to know.

Four hundred years I've watched the town,
Leaning farther—reaching down—
And there's never another way for a child to grow.
Four hundred years, four hundred years,
Of love and laughter, blood and tears,
Of feast and famine, weal and woe—
And there's never another way for the Seine to flow.

And high and lonely, cold and lone,
The gargoyle wept a tear of stone—
Four hundred weary years I've leaned
For priest and penitent and fiend,
And there's no new way for a man to sin
And no new way to atone.

Spring and summer, winter, fall,
The people cry and the swallows call,
And I a mold beneath the empty snow—
Bending lower—bending—bending—low—
The New York Herald-Tribune. *Kathleen Millay.*

REMEMBERED VARIANCE.

I shall remember that the hours crept by
Like weary snails; while little towns lay warm
In lethargy, as slow the crunching wheels
Revolved along the burnished track . . . How I
Awoke at dawn, and chin upon my arm,
Peered out upon the sodden hills and fields.
And every flaming gum and maple knew
How fast my heart ran—on its way to you.

I shall remember how the hours raced past
Like madly dancing dervishes, while we
Smiled over banalities and looked away
With crimson cheeks. "Too perilous to last!"
Cried time behind your shoulder, mocking me.
Impermanence, a shadow lean and gray,
Stalked at my elbow all the dizzy while
I leaned upon your arm and drank your smile.

I shall remember how the swift wheels sang
While rushing through another night: "No more,
No more!" And limping slowly, mutely go
The years . . . But time nor change nor bitter pang
Can dull the memory of the look you wore
That warms me with a quenchless afterglow.

The New York Herald-Tribune. *Louise Crenshaw Ray.*
May 19, 1930.

TO A CHILD BORN IN AUTUMN AFTER NIGHTFALL

We have left the sun and come upon the night.
Our roads have darkened, and our trees are dim,
Though we know, by day, they loosen burning leaves
Over the yellow grass.

Behold this white
Mist that blows across the dark from rim
To rim of darkness; we have passed
The summer stars and Jupiter has gone,
Dragging his moons west to a hidden sky,
And we are come upon the Pleiades.

It was the autumn wind you heard—that cry
Which snatched your heart from out your narrow breast
And drew it down the dark and winding roads.

Beware of autumn now, beware of wind;
Beware of darkness and the climbing stars . . .
From this night onward, you will find no rest.

The New York Herald-Tribune. *Frances M. Frost.*

PACT.

We will walk slowly into the sea
When the tide is out and the waves are still,
And somewhere in the far away
The shadows sleep at the foot of a hill.

Hand in hand, with eyes ahead
On the quivering line where the moonbeams walk,
With the warm wet water around our feet
And never a word on our lips for talk.

Step by step till our knees are damp,
Till the water circles around our hips,
Then stop and pause for a last good-by,
And on to the depth of long-lost ships.

Hand in hand, with fingers clasped,
For we must not part when we know no more,
And moonbeams walk on a trackless path
We made to sleep from a dreamless shore.

The New York Evening Post. *Helen E. Hecht.*
August 4, 1930.

PORTRAIT.

We understood, before we ever saw his face,
He lived above the narrow stream of commonplace,
And that he must be very old; the starry skies
His intimate environment, he seemed so wise.
One day we came across a jolly, grown-tall lad
Who gaily sang or whistled tunes when he was sad;
He smoked a friendly pipe and wore a rusty coat,
A man who loathed pretense but loved an anecdote.
He seldom chose to talk about esthetic themes
The while he carved from things about him lyric dreams.

The New York Evening Post. *Anne M. Robbins.*
December 6, 1930.

ANOTHER CLASS GOES.

(The Graduating Class Teacher Soliloquizes.)

Ships palpitant with fires of youth
 Salute and then depart,
But I, alone upon the shore,
 Must guard a too fond heart.

I must repeat old formulas
 And peddle grave advice,
While time conceals with roses his
 Rapacious hands of ice.

While time, the traitor, lavishes
 His love on buds of June,
I must not see in memory
 A barren Winter moon.

I must not think of storm-lashed ships,
 The prey of winds and waves;
Of derelicts that, rudderless,
 Go down to deep-sea graves.

Let laughter cover up my fears;
 Let wisdom's feast be spread;
The valedictories are done,
 The last good-byes are said.

Again they leave me lingering
 Alone upon the shore;
Their ships with freight of hopes and dreams
 Turn specks—then are no more.

The New York Times. *Elias Lieberman.*
June 26, 1930.

RETIRED BUSINESS MAN.

He always said he would retire
When he had made a million clear,
And so he toiled into the dusk
From day to day, from year to year.

At last he put his ledgers up
And laid his stock reports aside,
But when he started out to live
He found he had already died.

The New York Sun.

Anderson M. Scruggs.

DECREPITUDE.

No matter if you live to be
A hundred weary Winters old,
With great grandchildren on your knee,
And long white whiskers they can hold;
No matter if in senile dreams
You flee a world grown drab and dirty—
You'll never know how old it seems
To be a pugilist at thirty.

Old age for woman now has shifted
To well beyond the former limit.
She has her face re-re-relifted
And strives to keep her figure slim. It
Is only when she's bent and slow
She yields the game and fails to strive;
But here is age few women know—
A movie queen at thirty-five.

Parrots, they say, wax full of years,
And tortoises attain great ages,
Stolidly watching brief compeers
Decline and pass to history's pages.
Aged may be the elephant
Or monster lizard, lithe and warty.
Compared with one their days are scant—
A baseball pitcher nearing forty.

The New York Times.

Jerry Benedict.

SEA TOWNS.

The little matchless sea towns that fringe old England's shore

Like jewels on the border of a rare old robe,
Are tugging at my heartstrings, and calling me once more,
Luring with a whisper that is heard around the globe.

Devon, Kentish, Cornish towns, sleeping in the sun,
Snow-white cliffs of Sussex gleaming through the spray,

Filled with all the glamor of the sea since time begun,
Reaching out to homesick hearts ten thousand miles away.

Some will heed their calling and come from hell's far corners,

And some will never vision the channel lights again,
In jungle, veldt and sea fields there ever will be mourners

For little towns of England in a mist of April rain!

The New York Sun.

E. Leslie Spaulding.

FIFTY ACRES.

I've never been to London,
I've never been to Rome;
But on my Fifty Acres
I travel here at home.

The hill that looks upon me
Right here where I was born
Shall be my mighty Jungfrau,
My Alp, my Matterhorn.

A little land of Egypt
My meadow plot shall be,
With pyramids of hay stacks
Along its sheltered lee.

My hundred yards of brooklet
Shall fancy's faith beguile,
And be my Rhine, my Avon,
My Amazon, my Nile.

My humble bed of roses,
My honeysuckle hedge,
Will do for all the gardens
At all the far world's edge.

In June I find the Tropics
Camped all about the place;
Then white December shows me
The Arctic's frozen face.

My wood-lot grows an Arden,
My pond a Caspian Sea;
And so my Fifty Acres
Is all the world to me.

Here on my Fifty Acres
I safe at home remain,
And have my own Bermuda,
My Sicily, my Spain.

The New York Times.
June 27, 1930.

James Larkin Pearson.

MEAN WOMAN.

It was a bitter tongue she had,
The widow Sarah Lee,
Bored with things good, she loved the bad
And gossiped gleefully.
She sat and glued her gimlet eye
Behind a curtain, where she'd see
The people passing by.
But when that sickness came to her,
And she was laid so low,
The neighbors felt a pity stir
Their hearts, and kindness made them go
To bring her food cooked daintily,
Uplifted by a moral glow,
And curiosity.
They told her all about the Spring,
And asked how did she feel;
While she lay there a-hungering
For scandal, and the squeak and squeal
Of lean rats scurrying through her mind
Resounded. Rats who sought a meal
Of food they couldn't find.

The New York Times.

Esther Pinch.

ICARUS.

(From the French of Phillippe Desportes, 1545-1606.)

Here Icarus once fell, the young, the daring,
Whose wings defied the sun and scaled the sky ;
Here, shorn of plumage, he fell splendidly,
Leaving the earth-bound envious of his faring.
O high adventure of a soul sublime
Who won to triumph with so small a loss !
O happy mishap, though he lost fate's toss,
Fame cries him victor down the halls of time !

So strange a journey did not daunt his heart ;
Achievement failed him, but his courage held ;
He gained the burning stars ere he was felled ;
Death took him while he played the hero's part ;
The sky was his desire, his tomb, a wave—
What dream more splendid, where a nobler grave ?

The New York Times. Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

SECOND WISDOM.

Corn does not hurry, and the black grape swells
In the slow cadence of all ripening things ;
Wise pumpkins idle, and the calm lake dwells
In peace above her unimpetuous springs.

What most unhurried, most full flavorful is :
The earth turns slowly and the tide stands still
For him who surely claims, as truly his,
Firm fruitage that no hasty blight can kill.

And we who flung ourselves to sudden wars
And would not wait for quick scars to be healed,
We must recall shrewd pumpkins and slow stars,
And be as wise as lilies of the field.

The New York Times. Henry Morton Robinson.
September 14, 1930.

NEW FICTION.

Close the bright covers of the bitter book.
The curious tale is written to the end.
There is no need to turn the page and look
At the last scornful paragraph, my friend.

I've watched your eyes' gold fire go pale and die
Like a ripe harvest falling into rot.
And cold rattle of your courteous lie
Apes the dry bone dropped in an empty pot.

The story is a twisted hempen rope
That binds the heart and agitates the breath;
The plot is a sharp needleful of dope;
The tailpiece is a print of dusty death.

Come, cut the noose that strangles you and me,
And gay with silken laughter white, *Fini!*

The New York Times.

Ben Brigham.

SKELETON TREES.

I have seen white birches on a northern hill,
And the conical fir trees dark and still,
And pines lamenting, as pine trees will;
And the luminous almonds in rose and green,
With the mournful cedars of Palestine,
But lonelier, stranger than any of these
Are the gray and the desolate cypresses
With the conquering mosses that strangle and kill—
The skeleton trees of Madisonville.

I have seen by an eastern minaret
A palm like a delicate silhouette
Against the dawn when the moon had set;
Poplars shaped like a windy flame,
And a budding tree with a traitorous name,
That splintered and fell when the tempests came.
Then, tortured and lonely and fighting for breath,
I have seen the gray cypresses facing death.
In the hush of defeat they are beautiful still—
The skeleton trees of Madisonville.

The New York Times. *Mary Brent Whiteside.*
January, 1930.

MOON MADNESS.

Moonlight like this has an eerie gleaming
No one can ever understand,
But I shall go mad with fruitless dreaming
Of burning pressure of cheek and hand.

Moonlight like this can set me yearning
For your thirsty lips that I cannot touch,
Can make me long for your bright returning—
Wandering lover, I love so much!

The New York World.
July 31, 1930.

Lucia Trent.

LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

Now that the last day of the year
Hangs like a slender, crystal leaf
On time's dark tree, I hold most dear
Its vanished hours of mirth and grief.

Too soon the New Year, April-wise,
Will petal into days gold-blue,
Brilliant with life and sharp surprise,
And beautiful and new.

But miser-like, I'll treasure still
Departed days as some bright rose
Young lips have kissed that now are chill
As granite heaped with winter snows.

The Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch.
December 31, 1929. *John Richard Moreland.*

TO A PINE TREE.

Stately creature in your robe of green,
You stir my soul whenever you are seen.
Your scent brings quiet to my tired mind,
Your peaceful music my heart will ever bind.
Oh Pine Tree—
I can never tell you, what dear thoughts you bring.
Your slender spills, like beckoning fingers wave.
Dear God, I give Thee thanks, for this pine tree you
gave.

The Norway (Oxford County, Me.) Advertiser.
November 28, 1930. *Winnie Gray Curtis.*

FINIS.

Every haunting melody
Sets my heart aflame;
Yet my face must hold its calm,
Nor dare I breathe your name.

Deep within my rebel heart,
Like a miser's gold,
Safely stored are tender thoughts
That never can be told.

The Oakland Tribune.

Eugenia T. Finn.

August 27, 1390.

GYPSY KIN.

If ever you've gathered the rainbow's gold
And scattered it far and wide
With the spendthrift hand of a Gypsy lad
Bedecking his Gypsy bride;
If ever you've courted the soft Spring rain
And the passionate Winter gale
With the reckless devotion of Romany
In journeys beyond the Pale;
If ever you've traveled the winding road
In search of the towns beyond,
With all of the dreams that have found abode
In the heart of a vagabond,
You'll thrill to the call of a gypsy bird
Winging south to its winter lair,
And stand by the casement with dreamy eyes
To follow its course in the air.
Then deep in your heart as you turn again
To your task and the workday din,
You'll find you've a yearning to take to the road
Where the world is your Gypsy Kin!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Raoul Dorsay.

LIGHTED WINDOWS.

I am often set to dreaming by a little square of light
Streaming from some wayside cottage as I pass it by
at night,
Though I'm really speeding onward, yet in spirit I am
there,
Looking in at all the windows, creeping up the narrow
stair.

Shall I see an old man's bald pate or a schoolboy's
tousled head
Rumpled by his restless fingers as he sits propped up
in bed,
Wrestling with the tangled figures of some problem
hard and deep
And perusing Wild West stories when he ought to be
asleep?

Or will tiny baby faces greet my eager peering eyes,
As I chuckle, very softly, at their wonder and surprise?
Slipping down into the kitchen I'll find mother busy
still,
Sister chatting with her boy friends, perched upon the
window-sill.

And I think before I leave them I shall roundly bang
the door,
Father, dozing at the fireside, will emit a startled snore;
They will hear my tinkling laughter as I leave them
gaping there,
While I'm off investigating at some other lighted
square.

The Oakland Tribune.
March 9, 1930.

Paulina Z. Brunt.

LOCUSTS.

I know a spot where the locusts are blooming
Scenting the air with a promise of June,
Where an oriole sings to his mate and a robin
Gladdens the heart with his joy-spreading tune;
I know a path winding up to a doorstep,
The sun-dappled shade of the locust is there,
And ever in April there comes the old longing,
To stand in that doorway again and to share
With oriole and robin the bliss of the Springtime,
Whiff the fragrant soft blossoms adrift on the breeze,
To feel their light touch as they fall. This is April—
And April still calls from those old locust trees!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Jane Howell Watters.*
April 20, 1930.

PAGAN NIGHT.

This is a night the gods forgot,
A night for a pagan mood,
A night that calls to I know not what
Strange wild strain in my blood.

Insistently as the tom-tom's beat
Calls through the jungle night
Something urges my tameless feet
To a wild barbaric delight.

To run the trail where the red fox goes
To his kill on the mountain side;
To walk the ways that the coyote knows
While his fear-crazed quarry hide.

To crouch alone by the hidden spring
Where the panther slakes his thirst,
And hear his cry down the canyon ring
Like the wail of a soul accursed.

To dance in the glade to the cricket's trill;
To steal by the black lagoon;
To stand unclad on a windy hill
And chant my joy to the moon.

To be a wild thing, primitive,
That knows not bond nor bar;
With the wild and wind and night to live,
And the moon and a rebel star.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

February 21, 1930. Athan David Cunningham.

SILVER MISTS.

As silver mists are turned to rose and azure,
In splendor crowning all the distant hills
And veiling jagged peaks, so in full measure
Would we transform with hope life's varied ills.
The lovely stars, to guide us, ever shine,
Though we may not discern them through the mists
That mantle sea and shore, by rare design
To be rolled back with glory naught resists.

When doubt by kindly light has been dispelled
And shadows are no more, nor pain, nor sorrow,
When love of more avail than self is held,
And happiness and joy come with the morrow,
We shall awake from dreams to find real treasure
As silver mists are turned to rose and azure.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Mabel C. Fuller.*
"The Other Fellow."

SOMETIMES I WISH.

I am oppressed with this great sense of loving
 My tall, straight, rather distant young son;
It's like incense, a subtle and unfailing
 Reminder of the glorious thing I have done.

The perfect knowledge that he is mine
 Is like a song on the strings of my heart;
But though he's my son, to continue my line,
 I stand in awe! We are whole worlds apart!

When he stoops to allow me to kiss him,
 Smilingly intent on his busy day's plan,
He does not see that my eyes grow dim—
 How I wish, sometimes, he were less of a man!

The Oakland Tribune. *Jean Steele Marlatt.*
"The Other Fellow."

TOMMY O' DREAMS.

The moon was a peddler to Tommy o' Dreams,
 A silver-haired huckster of stars;
(Though night in the real was a cloak with torn seams
 That could hide all too few of its scars).

To Tommy o' Dreams the day was a chest
 Of gardens and mist on the hill;
(Though day in the real was a bitter-sweet jest
 That would cling to his ears with a will).

Friendship was Godlike to Tommy o' Dreams,
 Girdled in sun through the years;
(Though friends in the real had been turbulent streams
 Whose spray was the torture of tears).

For Tommy, the cloaking of blows that are real
In the kisses of what they might be,
There is peace and content—and I can't but help feel
He may be a bit wiser than we!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Bert Cooksley.*
"The Other Fellow." October 18, 1930.

TO THE MEMORY OF LOVE.

You came to me once, O Love, sweet Love!
In sanctity of a lonely place,
Where a stream-slave, washing the feet of a reed,
Murmured the prayers of an olden creed;
And their appeal were in thy face.

Dared we to sit where the trees had grown,
And were replaced by handmaidens
Keeping low note to the voice of you
Speaking a God I thought I knew,
Who sent for me by the handmaidens.

Wert thou called from the side of me, O Love,
As, paling, you stopped on a secret thing?
Thy hue of life was whitened like stone,
The trees returned again to their own,
And in their depths a heart did sing.

Long have I sought for thee, O Love!
Since that time in a sacred place;
Beyond the fane of the burning light
Where cities feed souls to a brazen night
I've yearned for the old appeal in thy face!

And I lament for the holier days,
Before thou faded away from sight
Which found they breast a canopy
Sheltering with Heaven's mastery,
Filling my limbs with the world's first might.

Yet—hast thou given a full, true dower,
And art thou dead, as so it seems?
For I see where thy hand has pressed
On the beautiful thoughts where one may rest,
And in the beautiful days and dreams.

And I am glad I have seen thee once,
Or never thy wonder had I beheld;
A song within a drooped red leaf
Never had sung in the time of grief
To me, in the heart's autumnal spell.

Nature had been but a rite to me,
A senseless gesture, a gaudy form
Linking me not to God and man,
Nor proving me part of the caravan
With standards of blossom and bugles of storm.

Which exodus makes from winter to spring;
From death to life—and the years repeat!
And summer must follow. So shall I hope
For view of thee, Love, on new-breasted slope,
Where I shall find miracles at thy feet!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Donald McNeely.*
June 29, 1930.

WHAT NEED HAVE I?

What need have I for temples of stone
When I bend my knee in prayer;
Or for the softest organ tones
When the song birds fill the air?

What need have I for carpets of cloth
When the grass is soft and green?
Or for the fairest statues wrought,
With a sky so blue and serene?

What need have I for the praise of the people,
When my spirit is downcast and low?
Or for the bells high up in a steeple,
When God's flowers are strewn here below?

What need have I for the voice of a preacher,
With his threats of brimstone and fire?
Or for lessons of Sunday school teacher,
When God's love is all I aspire.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times.
“Tale Spins.” *July 7, 1930.*

Faith.

GOOD-BYE.

The sawgrass of the mucklands sighs a dismal monotone;
The singing of a thousand frogs, a serenading groan—
Last night I had to tell you love, that you must go away;
It broke my heart to do it and the words were tough to say.

You thought I was a trifler, dear, but oh! I love you so;
My anguished moments when you left I trust you'll never know;
I wear a gash-wound in my heart, my side is badly ripped;
And other aches I cannot name because they're nondescript.

At Okeechobee's coral strand the wildcat softly drinks;
Mosquita hum is in the air, or else it's chizzy-winks;
The mockingbirds have built a nest the kitchen window by,
But now, sweetheart, they'll be no nest—no nest for you and I.
I tried to make you hate me, dear—I knew your love was dead;
I'm glad you left me with a tear and not a smile instead;
I know you love her more than I, but in some distant day,
Remember that I love you much as when you went away.

Tonight I'm sad and lonely, and my evening romance
Consists of sitting here alone and swatting big red ants;
A little moon is sinking down out of a great big sky,
Just as it was last evening when we fussed—and said good-bye!

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Roseleaf Pinkepank.*
"Tale Spins." July 1, 1930.

WHEN SUMMER DIED.

The day that Summer died I saw a change
Creep slowly o'er the beauty of her face—
A fleeting beauty, dim yet sweetly strange
With each dear feature of departing grace.
I felt a chill in every breeze that blew ;
I saw across the valley green and wide
A veil of frost that silvered all the dew,
The day that Summer died.

The day that Summer died a red leaf fell
Down from the maple's frightened, trembling crest ;
And all the scalloped fern blades in the dell
In scarfs of pink and palest gold were dressed ;
A late rose dropped its petals one by one ;
The poplar quivered its full length and sighed ;
A jocund dahlia blossomed in the sun,
The day that Summer died.

The day that Summer died I saw the hedge
Below the orchard's brow begin to brown ;
The quiet birds were rustling in the sedge ;
From tall treetops nuts came rattling down ;
The lake lay listless like a lazy lad ;
And sumac, standing where the trees divide,
Blazed red to kindle joy into the sad,
The day that Summer died.

The day that Summer died the forest stream
Stole forth to catch the blueness of the skies ;
The distant hills grew hazy as a dream,
Blurred as a vision viewed by tearful eyes ;
A growing shadow, chill and vaguely drear,
Crept o'er the landscape like a rising tide ;
But Autumn laid her garlands on the bier,
The day that Summer died.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Vernon L. Smith.*
"Tale Spins." July 8, 1930.

THE RESTLESS DEAD.

Pray, who are these, my comrade?
I hear the muffles beat
Of drums that roll in rhythm
For eager marching feet;
I see the happy children
With faces tanned and brown—
God's little saints of heaven,
That once the guns mowed down.

Look, comrade, see the banners!
Men fear less to forget
The fields in desolation,
The ground blood-soaked and wet.
How beautiful the poppies;
They never bloomed so fair.
The finest of our regiment
War took in harvest there.

Pray, who are these, my comrade?
Each wears a golden star,
They seem so grave and gentle
And yet have travelled far.
Are they the loving mothers
Who gave their sons for peace—
Fine manhood of our country
With hopes that wars might cease?

Hark to the sound, my comrade,
That stirs amidst the trees.
It is the voices of the dead,
They speak to such as these.
Abroad, at home, in every land
The young, the old, the gray
Must hear the message of the dead
On this Memorial Day.

“So long as greed or lust shall live
Within the hearts of men
Ye cannot hope for wars to cease,
But rather come again.
Until we know each little lad,
Clutched to a mother's breast,
May never know what we have known,
Then only shall we rest.”

The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. Charles Bancroft.

ENCHANTMENT.

When I am far from home, how dear
My country seems;
Its old familiar places wear
Untarnished dreams.

The little town where I was born
Calls back to me,
No longer drab; bright stars adorn
Its memory.

The narrow streets are boulevards,
Where great trees rise
In a majestic beauty bards
Immortalize.

When I am far from home I love
My native land;
Rainbowed, it looms above
An Eldorado strand.

*The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin. Anne M. Robinson
July 10, 1930.*

QUAIL CALL.

Strange that this early morning in the city
Should have a quail call—
Strange, and a pity!
Things that have lived among grass,
Among trees and quiet—
The city is not for them to pass
The days in, and the long summer heat.
Things that have lived exist
In stone-footed cities.
Acres of grass and trees cannot persist
Through concrete and masonry, brick and limestone.
The plaintive tones of all quail voicings
Mourn for a quail whose eggs are sooty
And whose grass is in stray blades
Between grayness and grayness.
Strange that this early morning in the city
Should have a quail call—
Strange, and a pity.

*The Portland Spectator.
September 27, 1930.*

Helen Maring.

DOG TIRED.

Wallace Andrews farmed it alone.
It was not a one-man farm
But he managed to get along
By leaving many things undone.
He usually started a new job
With a great show of work
But he finished only a part of it.
He was apt to mow
More than he could get in.

Wallace had mowed for two days
In the meadow south of the house.
They had been perfect hay days.
By the time he got the hay raked up
It had grown sultry
And thunder caps had gathered.
Along in the afternoon
He'd drawn in two loads
When dark clouds appeared over Equinox
And thunder muttered in the distance.

Instead of hustling
As all his neighbors were doing
To get in all he could before the rain
He started for the barn
With less than half a load.
He drove through the gate onto the road
His old dog following behind
With his dripping tongue
Nearly dragging on the ground.

Cephas Eliot drove past.
He drew up for a minute.
"Wall I vum, Wallace," he said,
"What's the matter of ye
Bringin' in a little jag like that
And aleavin' all that hay t' git wet.
'Twon't rain fer half an hour yit."

Cephas leaned on his fork.
He looked at the dog
And said quietly, as if he didn't want
Shep to hear:
"Wall, 'y see I thought th' dog
Seemed t' be gittin' a leetle tired."

THE FIREFLY.

The phantom pleasure filled her days.
A firefly, darting in the dark,
She circled in a giddy maze,
In search of sweets that did but cark
And turn to aloes in her cup.
To sip, to wash away the taste,
To prison pleasure, drink and sup,
Day followed day in precious waste.

The Pittsburgh (Pa.) Observer. *Marie Tello Phillips.*
March 16, 1930.

NOVEMBER DAYS.

Who said November days are drear and sad?
November days are merely gray and still.
October's fuss is over; leaves are down.
Most of the nuts have dropped. Upon the hill,
Trees, unashamed, display their naked grace
Against a background Nature has prepared,—
A soft gray sky that throws into relief
Each tiny twig and branch the winds have bared.

Who said November days are drear and sad?
Still, yes; but many lovely things are still;
In silence, often, come our greatest things,—
God's love; healed wounds; the sunrise o'er the hill.
November's gray makes apples redder seem;
Makes fires seem brighter, and adds to their cheer.
November days are lovely days, to me,—
Gray, still, and chill,—yet intimate and dear.

The Quincy (Ill.) Herald-Whig. *Mary L. Lawless.*

WHITTLIN'.

In blacksmith shop and country store,
I see no whittlers any more;
It makes me think, around these parts,
That whittlin's one of those lost arts
That rise and flourish, wane and pass,
Like temp'r'rin bronze—or Venice glass.
I guess 'twas lost about the time
That thinkin' got to be a crime.

When I say whittlin' I don't mean
A-scrapin' wire or spark plug clean,
Nor makin' whistles in the Spring;
I mean a wholly diff'rent thing.
I mean the whittlin' that was done
In sober earnest,—not for fun.
They whittled not for what was wrought
But rather as an aid to thought.

To figure close,—to fix a trade
When some decision must be made—
A good jack-knife and piece of pine
And whittlin' shavings from it fine
Just soothed and smoothed and made things straight
And helped the mind to concentrate.
It helped when things was out of joint
To whittle deep and to a point.

At politics they'd argufy
An' how the words and chips would fly,
An' you could tell where there had sat,
Some notching, haggling Democrat.
Outnumbered, in unequal strife,
But fightin' back with tongue and knife.
All 'round was shavin's slick and slim—
Republicans had heckled him.

In Washington I heerd 'em say
Beneath the White House, hid away,
They've found a room all set apart
Devoted to the whittler's art.
Some President the kinship knew
'Twixt whittlin' straight and thinkin' true.
I do not choose to give him name—
It's whittled deep in Halls of Fame.

Now'days we take things on the run
An' do a thing—because it's done.
We never stop to calculate,
To reason out or meditate.
Opinions, too, that's handed out,
We swaller down without a doubt.
—'Pears to me that it would pay
Sometimes to whittle a diff'rent way.

The Rutland Herald.
May 22, 1930.

Mark Whalon.

AUTUMN VILLANELLE.

Though now a heart of springtime grieves
That autumn comes, and joy will wane—
I love the leaves, the sunset leaves.

It is a vintage that deceives,
And brings a brevity of pain.
Though now a heart of springtime grieves.

I know a woodland branch conceives
Through northern wind and silver rain—
I love the leaves, the sunset leaves.

In red and gold, no one bereaves—
All autumn sorrow is in vain,
Though now a heart of springtime grieves.

So as October dyes and weaves—
I sing once more my glad refrain,
I love the leaves, the sunset leaves.

Recalling April, age believes
That life will green the boughs again;
Though now a heart of springtime grieves,
I love the leaves, the sunset leaves.

The Salt Lake Tribune. *Jesse Miller Robinson.*
October 19, 1930.

FAMINE.

In China little yellow babies die,
Grow cold upon their mothers' shrunken breasts;
And is it blasphemy to wonder why
These things are suffered by the One on high?

Haggard and gaunt, these Chinese mothers place
The tiny skeletons away with tears,
While stalking Famine follows, pace on pace;
And is it wrong to think God hides His face?

My lips are taught to say, whatever is,
Is wisest, best, according to His plan;
But oh, dear God of love, could I say this
If my child's lips could not return my kiss?

The Salt Lake Tribune. *Maud Chegwidden.*

VERMONT'S LONG TRAIL IS CALLING.

(To commemorate the dedication of the Annex to Long Trail Lodge, June 7, 1930.)

If you long for Nature at her best,
And the leafy forests, filled with rest;
If you love the hills, the trees and skies,
And you like to hear the wood bird's cries,
Vermont's Long Trail is calling.

If you like the silence, not the noise,
And the rich, full life of outdoor joys;
If you seek the mountains' pure, cool air,
And fertile valleys, green and fair,
Vermont's Long Trail is calling.

If you want the charm of a sunset's gold,
And a thrill from beauties, yet untold;
If you need the strength that comes from soil,
And you must have rest to follow toil,
Vermont's Long Trail is calling.

The Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.

Edna Johnson Warren.

LONGING FOR MOUNTAINS.

The wind is a bayonet across my throat,
The wind is a sabre threatening.
The sky is all ice and fire.

It is a long way to where the mountains are,
It is a long way across the prairie;
And the life that the lowlands give
Is deeper dread than the death where the mountains are.

The rain is a rattle of lead, and cold,
And cold is the yellowing sun—
The sun is dead.

I am a man for the mountains,
The mountains are made for me.
The haze of the plains is a coffin shroud
Around my heart, where the little leaves of aspen
Used to be.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Paul Conant.

November 2, 1930.

DEFENSE FROM BEAUTY.

When the far-off mellow music of the sanguine summer
 stabs me,
 And the piney breath of canyon nights strips me to
 the bone,
I would change into a Piute squaw before this beauty
 grabs me
 And strangles me with yearnings that I wish I'd
 never known.

I'd sit outside the wigwam, as stolid as a mountain;
 Pour the corn in granite bowls and grind it with a
 stone.
I'd drink and never listen for the voices in the fountain
 Nor grieve to lose the friendly leaves the autumn
 wind had strewn.

My only thought would be to cook the venison for
 dinner
 And I'd never sigh because the deer was light of foot
 and slim.
I'd never yearn to do the things that brand me as a
 sinner:—
 (A brave would be my only law and I would serve
 but him.)

My days would sink in peacefulness and I would not
 be shattered
 With straining after visions that are far beyond my
 worth:
The flesh and its surfeitment would be all that ever
 mattered
 For beauty could not rouse me from the earthy things
 of earth.

The Salt Lake Tribune. *Edith Cherrington.*
November 9, 1930.

GOD MUST LOVE THE AUTUMN.

God must love the autumn—he clothes it so with glory.
 The hills go robed in amethyst, the trees are dressed
 in gold;
Above the drowsing valley the mountain tops are hoary,
 While the breeze that stirs the stiffened leaves is
 briskly clear and cold.

The little house that stands beside the lane is like a friend

Waiting for your coming at the twilight of the year.
The glowing hearth, and table spread with simple foods
extend

The loving hand of friendliness, the hearty smile of cheer.

Summer tries to linger while Winter stands apart.

This is the hour of peacefulness, the time of
recompense,
Yet the swish of passing beauty casts a shadow on the
heart

When songbirds thrill their travel song from every
bush and fence.

God must love the autumn, for He showers His favors
there

And holds it as a mother holds her babe against her
breast;

The low-voiced chant of lullabies haunts the fragrant
air

While the cradle of the winter offers earth her night
of rest.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Edith Cherrington.

ARMISTICE.

Today, it does not seem that peace

Came like a sudden breath

To free the strangely quiet streets

Of the gray dread—death.

So calmly now glows happiness

Within a city's heart.

But often when the drums beat low,

As from a distant mart,

And airplanes in an echelon

Circle a sunlit sky,

It seems that legions of men march

With soldiers passing by—

A white peace burning in their eyes;

Their eager, noiseless feet

Seek, wearying of poppy fields,

A festive city street.

The San Jose (Calif.) Evening News.

Lela Glaze.

MIRACLE.

The roar of my motor awakened you this morning as I
climbed out of the valley and over the range to
greet the rising sun.

I looked down upon a great city, stirring, like an
awakening giant, to start its daily toil.

I saw man-lights dimmed by thousands as the majestic
sun rolled up.

I looked down upon the noble eagle as he circled his
perch on the highest crag.

My shadow fell in the canyon, and a startled buck
sprang from his dewy bed and crashed into the
timber.

I saw man flocks grazing in the high country.

These things I saw—but in fancy I saw more, much
more.

I looked down upon Parkham; I saw Lewis and Clark,
led by Red Bird.

I saw ten thousand shaggy buffalo moving north.

I looked down upon strong men and brave women,
panting horse and plodding ox, and a thousand
covered wagons moving west.

I saw the smoking ruins of a burning wagon train, and
Custer surrounded by a thousand war-mad
Sioux.

I saw the birth of an empire.

Marvelous age! I lived a hundred years today before
you had your lunch.

I am the air mail pilot.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Jess Penny.

November 21, 1930.

ROADS.

There's a rollicking road that runs away
To a cluster of dimpled hills,

Where the sun smiles warm, and columbines dance
Beside two mischievous rills.

There's a happy road that drifts along
And stretches beyond the town,

Where children play, and at twilight time
Lovers stroll up and down.

There's a lonesome road that turns to the left—
By a tall, slim poplar tree,—
And ah, where it ends I never have known,
But that is the road for me.

For the rollicking road, and the happy road
Are not for my feet today;
It's the lonesome road that is calling me,
Where the poplar marks the way.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Myrtle Tate Myles.

February 9, 1930.

SPRING HERSELF.

When love comes swinging down the lane,
When jonquils lift their cups for rain,
When ice-floes trickle through the rill
And drip drop drip and crunch and spill—
I know by every sign and token
That Spring herself has lightly spoken.

When kites tug gently in the breeze,
When marbles kiss, and apple trees
Fling wide their perfume-petaled kilts,
And boys tap-tap on stiff-kneed stilts
I know by all the robins mating
That Spring herself comes roller skating.

The Sioux City Journal.

Verkhne Menshikov.

April, 1930.

THANATOS.

What is this death? What is this rest profound,
This calm unwaking sleep that wraps us 'round?

A friend who stays the hand, who shuts the door,
Rings down the curtain when the play is o'er.

Grant me this boon, Oh Lord of boundless love,
Even as I would speed some wounded dove.
Let me live deeply, drink of all delight,
Give of myself and pass before the night.

The Sioux City Journal.

Jessie Welborn Smith

Feb. 23, 1930.

THAT FURY MAY NOT RAGE AGAIN.

(“Furore Teutonico diruta; dono Americano restituta.”)
—Cardinal Mercier’s inscription for the Library at Louvain.)

Peace springs from truth; peace is not built on lies;
Peace cannot come from palliating shame.
Unreasoned fury bears no other name
Than fury. Therefore, brethren, is it wise
That we dismiss to casual surmise
And casuist forgetfulness, the flame
Of wanton fury that so earned its name
The night Louvain afire seared the skies?

The crime against Louvain was something more
Than one man's crime. It was a nation's crime,
Against, not nations, not an age, but man!
Then, though we pardon, let us keep the score
Exemplar to the very end of time,
And let the truth protect the peace we plan!

*The San Mateo (Calif.) Times and
Daily News Leader.* William A. Brewer, Jr.

PASTORAL.

After an almost desert heat the still, cool night—white
and liquid in the moonlight.
From my cot on the verandah,
I see it between two white columns, a drapery hung to
one side makes a frame of classic beauty.
I am part of the night—it lulls me to sleep.

When I awake, the moon has set, but in the depth of the exotic dawn, glows the glorious morning star like the heart of the sky, revealing itself to the silent earth.

Sleep again and then the first rays of the sun awaken me.

I am up—we are going to a sheep camp to take provisions.

When we arrive, the sun is hot and herd and herder are out.

We find them on the open field—the old man leaning on his staff watching his thousand sheep grazing on the sturdy hay stubble on the hill slope—and the peace of the world seems to be upon them.

He greets us with a happy smile.
Our simple supply is ample—he wants nothing, nothing more.
His voice hardly stirs the air.
Then he gives his sign to his flock—a whistle and a “Hi!”
As one they move.

And in the desert heat of the sun, under the burning blue of the sky, from the four thousand little feet, comes a long even, liquid sound as of falling rain, rain—abundant rain!

I close my eyes and suddenly there falls on my heart a strange ecstatic happiness.

The Saturday Night.

Ynez de la Guerra.

THE BEACHCOMBER.

Yours is the call for no siren,
the toil to no harbor,
but that of the lost and the hunted.

Yours is the grief of deep seas weeping,
the elegy of graveyard argosies shivering,
and the driftwood of hopelessness returning
at the ebb of the tide.

Yours is the dream
lost in the loneliness of distant horizons,
in the lapping of waves to a crumbled pier,
and in hunger gnawing to the approach of incoming ships.

Yours is the challenge of a sea
that lashes, binds and reverberates,
that overwhelms with its applause
and leases you with a maddened fury
to the littleness of its sands.

The Springfield Republican. *George Scott Gleason.*
April 20, 1930.

ASPIRATIONS.

One time I dreamed of fame . . .

I built air-castles, turreted and high,
Far-flung, 'mid clouds of snow and azure sky.

The world would pay me homage, bye and bye . . .
My pen would make my name!

Today . . . I dream of you . . .

And when you plead, ambitions seem so small,
Because your love is greater than them all;

From Fame's decaying castles I recall
A cottage . . . built for two.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Dorothy Longfield Smith.
"The Gulf Gleam." July 13, 1930.*

NIGHT VILLANELLE.

Like ghosts of stars divinely strewn
Across some absent minstrel's yard,
On shallow waters, lilies bloom.

As walls enclosing some dim room
Sleep-touched they rest, but do not nod
Like ghosts of stars divinely strewn.

Surrounded by a pungent gloom
From banks where minstrel feet have trod
On shallow waters lilies bloom.

I see them greet a wondering moon—
Are they at home on watery sod
Like ghosts of stars divinely strewn?

Is this some dead explorer's tomb
Or grave of some once wandering bard—
These shallow waters where they bloom?

Tonight on this wind-kissed lagoon
They lift their prayerful hearts to God.
Like ghosts of stars divinely strewn
On shallow waters, lilies bloom.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. Mary Alef Sparks.
"The Gulf Gleam."*

THREE POEMS.

I

cut away the houses without regard:
basements, attics, windows
cities, fields, nations

but leave the hobby horse
and the doll with the sleeping eyes
we will need them tomorrow

II

the flaws of the clock in its hands and face
over the valley and beneath
myself at its feet pinioned with an ivory spear
and I listen:
whimper of grief from ten thousand withered souls:
it is the face leers and then smiles
it is the hands stand mute
and then move with a gesture of guilt

III

string sea beads around a laugh child's neck
and put a fistful of cool sand between his hands
and the sea beads will be sea beads and the laugh child
 will laugh
but the sea beads and the cool sand will have been
 sanctified

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

May 4, 1930.

William Dorsey Blake.

LOST MELODIES.

In the harmony of spaces
 Far beyond all human thought,
Where the stars run endless races,
 Mighty symphonies are wrought;
And the lovely echoes, bounding
 Through long waves of whirling light,
Keep the halls of earth resounding
 With lost melodies tonight.

There are rhapsodies of gladness ;
Ecstasies of pain and woe ;
Jarring notes of wrath and madness,
In the outer realms we know ;
And the lovely echoes, bounding
Through long waves of whirling light,
Keep the halls of earth resounding
With lost melodies tonight.

When you turn forgotten pages
You are haunted by a strain
That is sent across the ages
To be tuned on earth again ;
And the lovely echoes, bounding
Through long waves of whirling light,
Keep the halls of earth resounding
With lost melodies tonight.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Helene Claiborne*
"The Gulf Gleam." June 10, 1930.

DRIFTWOOD FIRE.

I am old—on the shore of Eternity's ocean I huddle,
Forgotten, alone.
Just an old woman, tired and footsore
From a long, long journey.
The wind of despair howls round me,
The sleet of indifference buffets me—
But I am warm.
I have my driftwood fire.

On the sands of Memory I have sought for and gathered my fuel,
Slowly, fagot by fagot,
With trembling, faltering footsteps
And gnarled eager fingers.
And when the blaze dies to flickerings
And the cruel wind pounces nearer
Another log is ready
To replenish my fire.

The fagots I burn are from an inexhaustible storehouse
That never fails me.
There is the thought of a romping childhood—
How that blazes up in crimson!
I warm my shivering form at its comfort,
Gazing at a happier Me in the embers.
Again my mother
Broods o'er me from my fire.

Then there is that day we strolled through the green-
wood together—
Just we two, alone,
Save for the wild things that peered from the glen.
That one burns pure, white and unfaltering
Like the tall candles they light on the altar at Easter,
One on each side of the crucifix gleaming,
Clean as the souls
Of white roses gathered at dawning.

Gold as the sun when it looms o'er the eastern horizon
in summer
Glows the unutterable joy
Of the day I first held the child that was yours and
was mine,
That is a fagot that never shall fall into ashes!
How the blaze warms me! Old age and its winter
Are lost in the odor of May and her lilacs,
As my old heart is cheered
At my driftwood fire.

And so, as I wait on the shore of Eternity's limitless
ocean,
In the wind and the sleet,
For the few short days that yet to me are remaining,
From the treasuring sands of Memory I gather my
driftwood;
Warming my chilled heart at its colorful flaming,
Seeking fagots anew when the blaze is dwindling and
waning—
Just an old woman,
By my driftwood fire.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Mrs. W. S. Hamilton.*
"The Gulf Gleam." August 29, 1930.

REQUIEM.

So Bok is dead; but the bells sing on;
Kyrie, kyrie eleison.
Does he hear them cry beyond our sight?
Do their echoes follow him into the night?
Kyrie, kyrie eleison.
God give him peace who loved it best.
God give him joy. God give him rest.
God leave his heart in his great bequest
To weary men whom his thought has blest.
God grant his birds, and bells, sing on
Echoing kindness, on and on;
Filling men's minds with thoughts of peace.
Bringing to burdened souls release.
Kyrie, kyrie eleison.

(Kyrie eleison: Greek, "Lord, have mercy upon us.")

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Mabel W. Tuttle.*
"The Gulf Gleam." January 13, 1930.

VILLANELLE.

The loveliness of one red rose,
As, fragrant with the morning dew,
Each velvet petal softly glows.

The sun's first slanting ray bestows
A golden haze that filters through
The loveliness of one red rose.

An early breeze so gently blows,
While 'neath a canopy of blue
Each velvet petal softly glows.

A bird awakes from sweet repose.
Pours out his heart in song, to woo
The loveliness of one red rose.

A crystal stream beside it flows—
Reflected in these depths, anew
Each velvet petal softly glows.

To tell such beauty, verse nor prose
Avail. In vain I pen this to
The loveliness of one red rose—
Each velvet petal softly glows!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Eva Byron.*
"The Gulf Gleam." July 12, 1930.

SEASCAPE.

The spires of trade shoulder the lucent days,
Their summits are far battlements that peer
Forever with a fixed, immobile gaze
Upon the plane of water year by year.

Nothing may change grey water; winds arise,
Lash it awhile, it holds its ductile shape,
Or perhaps a voyaging bird that flies,
Inured to distance from some farthest cape.

Mercurial, in the great dish of the globe
That whirling carries seas along with it,
It lies across like some enameled robe
Of Atlas, flowing and so loosely fit.

The rose flushed thunderheads the evening brings,
Spent sun and the first of myriad stars,
Or a soft crescent's aureole that flings
Pale silver 'gainst the sunset's saffron bars.

Sublime is distance, unobstructed, vast,
But over water seen, a humbler note,
Shrinking our little selves so proudly cast,
To nothingness yet sets our dreams afloat.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Clarence P. Milligan.*
"The Gulf Gleam." July 11, 1930.

THE GLEAM.

That's a backwood shack
 Built of rough boards.
Its windows lack
 Shades. The man hoards
No money . . . But
 If you happen to pass
His shabby hut
 At sunset, the glass
Window—oh, wonder!—will hold
 Dazzling reflected gold.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune. *Philip E. Barney.*
"The Gulf Gleam." February 27, 1930.

THE CHINA BERRY TREE.

The dream that happens my way,
An' it's dream enough fer me,
Is a cabin by the highway
An' a China berry tree.

Like a leafy "umberreller"
With a wide an' even spread,
Makin' shadders fer a feller
When the sun is overhead.

An' bein' kinda human,
Shucks, I couldn't live alone.
There would have to be a woman,
Or my heart would turn to stone.

An' a patch of fleecy cotton
With a hawg or two to boot,
An' a child or two begotten
By this mis'able galoot.

An' I'd like a fillin' station
Somewhere near the cabin door,
As a place fer conversation
More than addin' to my store.

Where the neighbors might assemble
When the cotton's showin' white,
An' the air is all a-tremble
With the beauty of the night.

An' the moon is slowly soarin'
In a dark, unfathomed sea,
An' the silver beams are pourin'
On the China berry tree.

But if God don't like my dreamin'
An' my fancy runnin' free,
Mebbe all I'll git for scheming
Is the China berry tree.

*The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. William V. V. Stephens.
"The Gulf Gleam." October 2, 1930.*

YOU WILL HEAR ME.

When night's shadow enfolds me
And I drift from earthly pain,
You will hear the heart of me
Throbbing in the silver rain.

You will hear the voice of me
Low whispering through the pines;
You will find the soul of me
Where the jungle intertwines.

You will find the smile of me
Where the pale moon-flowers grow;
You will hear the call of me,
Calling you where sea-winds blow.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Ruby Pearl Patterson.*
"The Gulf Gleam." January 17, 1930.

THEY TOLD ME.

They told me all her faults—just little things;
How great they seemed when borne on tell-tale wings!
They quite forgot her years of toil and pain;
The sacrifice she made for others' gain;
The children that she brought into the world,
And how she kept the flag of truth unfurled;
The mother-love she showered upon each child;
Her prayers that they be pure and undefiled;
The constant deeds and kindness she has shown,
Behind the scenes and to the world unknown;
The soul of her that seeks to do the right,
In spite of circumstances not so bright.
So while they whispered on, my thoughts were rife
With all the beauties of her better life.
Oh, yes, she has her faults, but so have I,
And how can I her nobler life decry?
They told me all her faults from end to end.
I love her just the same. She is my friend.

The War Cry. *Mrs. Colonel Arnold.*
September 20, 1930.

THE SPIRE.

(Refers to the spire erected by the Lincoln family on the church attended by Abraham Lincoln when he was President.)

The sky was empty till this spire uprose,
A liaison between humanity and God.
Throughout exacting days men swiftly trod
Counting percents and wary of their foes ;
But now, when near decided to foreclose
A long due debt or send to dreary quod
A refractory sinner, some imperious, odd
Emotion of compassion will interpose.
Christ and Lincoln ! Lincoln and Christ ! Both sons
Of the Eternal Father ! Brothers of all
Who suffer onslights of man's wayward will
Against the strength of spiritual garrisons . . .
Theirs the voice that drowns the petty brawl
And rouses the hearer with an ecstatic thrill.

*The Washington (D. C.) Post. Anne Kelledy Gilbert.
February 12, 1930.*

WHITE CLOVER.

I know I'll love heaven's flowers !
So beautiful an immortelle,
I may forget some other blooms
That I love now so well ;
But after I've been there a while,
And when the awe is over,
I'll wander down heaven's garden paths
In search of sweet, white clover.

The little, humble, plebeian flower
That cheered the hearts of men !
I've watched its starry blossoms spring,
Again and yet again ;
Not haltingly, not grudgingly,
But laughing, hand in hand,
They covered meadow, hill, and plot,
Prolific, cheery band.

They've smiled at me on mornings,
 Fresh from their bath of dew,
When I put down the pasture bars,
 To let the cattle thru;
Their fragrance cheered my weariness,
 When night has settled down,
And from my porch I watched afar,
 The twinkling lights of town.

* * * *

So I think when I shall wander
 Within the King's estate,
And view the gorgeous gardens
 That on man's coming wait,
I'll search with joyous eagerness,
 As does the bee, the rover—
I'm sure God never would forget,
 To sow the sweet, white clover.

The Topeka (Kans.) Daily Capital.

June, 1930.

Flora Brownlee Walker.

ARMISTICE.

Glamour of war with the drum and fife,
Slaughter of war and the world aghast;
Armistice, only a truce; may it last
In a changeless peace that is dear as life.

The Valley Irrigator.

Laura Bell Everett.

November 12, 1930.

CHRISTMAS DAWN.

(AT SEA.)

The sails are a'pulling at the mast-hoops on the mast,
The pins are in the pin-racks; the halyards all made
 fast,

The bow-wash is a'swishing—a'swirling from the stem;
Thru the breaking dawn shines a star o'er Bethlehem.

The waves are a'crooning along the weather side;
Far o'er the crested ocean, the dying greybeards glide.
The gale that was a'blowing has softened to a breeze;
The Southern Cross is shining on green hills of the
 seas.

We've left our women lonely, a'sitting by a hearth;
They'll get no greetings from us—we're sailing down
the earth.

There are no organ peals, nor solemn tolling chimes;
While Christmas morn is dawning in the tropic climes.

We shall feast on salted mackerel—dug from out the
hole;

The surly mates are silent—no curse from any soul.
There's good-will 'mong the fo'c'sle hands—peace is
over them;

The lone star we steer by, is the one o'er Bethlehem.

The Wasp-News Letter.

William Anderson.

A SPINSTER'S CRY.

I am torn by the desires
Of passion! They burn like fires
Into my flesh and sear
Ev'ry vestige of purity from my soul.
My eye-balls are dry—no tears
May I weep for my boldness,
Nor yet may I cry to the world, unfurl'd . . .
Nor wave my banners of license,
I am a woman, and though I may yearn
For a babe to suckle and call mine own
I am doomed to a martyr's bed,
An "old maid" who is tolerated
For the gifts she may buy
The work she may do;
No thought have THEY
As they go their way
Of the heart that's hid
In a shriveled husk;
Just another of the teeming throng.
Ah, Death, do as I bid—
Call me your own
That I may not moan
That the way is long;
I wait for your kiss—make it long!

The Wasp-News Letter.

Telka Gresha.

May 3, 1930.

INDIAN LAMENTS.

Oh you, of the sunny lands where the lone Indian roamed,
Do you not hear the tramp of their horses' feet?
Do you not hear in the winds the cry of the braves,
As they dash over the hills and vales?
Do you not see in the clear far away the shadow of
 the deer, the eagle on some high cliff?
Where are they all now?
Driven from the home of their fathers, wandering
 afar, no country, no home, at last, one by one,
 they silently wrap their blankets around them
 and pass on with the fleetness of the deer,
The wind sighs, the trees moan and the streams cry out
 in anguish.
All is gone, no more shall we behold them, the red man
 who once owned all he surveyed and is now
 crushed to earth.
Lo Wanee, Lo Wanee, gone, forever more!
The warrior arrayed for battle, chose a pony of sterling
 worth,
That he might be first to lead them on,
For brave of heart was he, and fleet as a deer of the
 wild wood.
Could one so brave be lost to us?
For the wind brings back to us the call of the
 on-rushing braves,
Fair Loo Lola waits for the setting sun to bring back
 the hero of her heart, but the braves return
 alone.
Thru wood and glen where the wild berry grew, A Loo
 Ee and I, hand in hand, roamed, like children we
 roamed,
When up to the top of a tall tree, my lover my attention
 drew,
There swinging and swaying in the breezes were a pair
 of turtle doves, cooing and crooning as lovers do,
When lo! from afar an arrow flew and to my feet the
 beautiful dove fell!
And ever since from out the woods comes the cry of
 the mourning dove, calling, calling, ever calling
 for his mate.

The Wasp-News Letter.
October 25, 1930.

Clara Briggs Lucier.

OVER THE HILLS TO ME.

There's a sunset glow, and a westward wind
When the sun drops toward the sea ;
There's a spur that hurries a rider's haste—
'Tis a rancher that seeks for me—
For I am high in a cabin, where
I catch the sun's gold glow,
And as the eastward light hastes to the west,
My loved one hastes, too, I know.

Oh, how could the wind-filled sails at sea—
I catch its rim at the west—
Ever be filled with a glowing pride
As that which fills my breast
When my lover rides him astride his steed
And mounts the hills to me ?
What sail can ride o'er an ocean tide
To equal the pride I see ?

His is a gallop that urges the wind
To bear him faster afar ;
His is a hurry that speeds to the west
To rise like the evening star ;
His is a power that lifts his steed
To ride the mountains with quickening speed ;
His is a head that's lifted high—
Though the sun be low, the night is nigh—

And his is the night, and the starlit sky,
And over the ridge am I—am I !
So I watch me the slowly sinking sun—
But I speed to the eastward view !
Who could linger to lure there a parting light
When the starry sky and a moonlight night
And the inward joy of love's delight
Bring a rancher-lover to you ?

The Wasp-News Letter. *Florence Gloria Crawford.*
November 22, 1930.

SAILORS' SWEETHEARTS.

There's a dark-eyed maiden dreaming,
Far across the Eastern Sea ;
Where the monsoon rains are streaming,
Near a temple's sacred tree.

I left her where palms are rustling,
In the jungles near the hills.
Her dreamy eyes were trusting,
Through a purdah void of frills.

But a fairer maiden's waiting,
With her gold locks in the breeze;
Where the drifting ice is grating,
Far off on the Nordic seas.

She's where cold blasts are blowing,
On a bleak shore of the North.
Her welling eyes were glowing,
When my brigantine sailed forth.

The other's a gold-brown daughter,
Of an old wild island chief,
I wooed her by moonlight water,
Near a purling coral reef.

I left her 'neath the Southern Sun,
That shined on the pebble shore;
And steered true on the out-bound run,
To a girl in Singapore.

But the one that I will cable,
When I furl my seaman's blouse,
Is a lassie waiting table,
In a sailor's boarding house.

The Wasp-News Letter.
Dec. 13, 1930.

William Anderson.

UNE DESENCHANTEE.

(Old Saint Mary's—Chinatown.)

From stained and leaded pane fell jewelled light.
The moted gold to wanly-opaled white
Died slowly on the marble altar where
She knelt—her pale lips moving in a prayer
Whispered, and chill as dusk that found her there.
Light and color died, and with the dark
Tall candles gleamed. Her lifted face was stark
With urgency. But when the people came
At Vesper hour, she went into the park
And sat there desolately in the rain.

The Wasp-News Letter. *Charles Antone Monc.*

THE DAYS ARE LONG.

The days are long,
With you so far
Away. It matters not who are
With me, you being gone. I feel
My heart within as cold as steel
And solitary as a star.

All others coming only jar,
And my sweet loneliness only mar,
When tender in their sweet appeal
The days are long.

None shall my solitude unbar;
Of all my heart be you the czar;
To you my musings still shall steal
And humbly at your throne shall kneel.
Like slaves that trail behind your car
The days are long.

The Wasp-News Letter.

C. P. Z. Zwischen.

April 26, 1930.

A TRIBUTE.

Never was a fat child in all my ragged childhood,
Never was a fat child at spinner or at loom,
But scrawny little youngsters, fleet as chipmunks in the
wildwood,
Bending over bobbins in a noisy, whirring room.

How we fought the stretcher-kids, a sort of world-war
always,
It was all the world we knew—and not so bad at
that . . .
Doublers, reelers, matchers, spinners—such a whirling
universe
And every little twelve-year-old a “Casey at the Bat.”

I recall a window that opened near the engine room,
Windows could be raised by stealth (a crack across the
sill),

Through this space on sunny days we used to watch the
cattle

Following a tiny path to climb a distant hill.

Then for just a moment our young hearts ached for
silences,
Longed for wind-blown hill tops where on the velvet
grass
We might rest like millionaires and for a golden hour
Lie there free from time clocks and watch the white
clouds pass.

Years that richer children spent unwillingly in study
We spent doing piece work in a noisy, driving mill;
Studying by lamp light, and reading—reading
everything . . .

Following a vague, dim path to climb a distant hill.

Gay, efficient laborers with half grown little bodies,
Strained to breaking point sometimes but always swift
and sure,
Ignorant of everything but sleep and work and
hunger . . .
Groping upward—fighting, laughing, children of the
poor.

For a toast, today, I give, these happy little rascals,
Grown long since—dead, some of them—books closed,
their gay songs sung;
Anything that's good, or fine, or true in me I owe to
them,
For they were all I knew and loved, when I was very
young.

Westward.

Joy O'Hara.

THE JOBLESS AND BROKE.

It's tough when you're through,
Your dreams don't come true,
You're one of the mob,
Kicked out of a job,
And you try to hold back,
A tear and a sob.
You feel down and out,
You're at the end of your route,
You'd like to come back,
With a whoop and a shout,
But you can't, you're licked,
And you're out.

You're all out of step,
 You've lost your rep,
You feel yourself slipping,
 You haven't the pep.
You're at the end of your rope,
 And the star-gleam of hope,
Grows dimmer and dimmer each day.
 You spit on your hand,
And make a brave stand,
 But you're done,
And you quit for the day.
You're hungry and broke,
 And life seems a joke,
Till the blue of the sky,
 Seems covered with smoke.
The green of the trees,
 The hum of the bees,
The babbling brook,
 A cool shady nook,
The bird on the wing,
 They don't mean a thing,
When a fellow is hungry and broke.
You just lack the will,
 When the climb is uphill,
But you try once again,
 If it's going to kill.
You tramp o'er the street,
 No friends do you meet,
To give you a hand,
 To get on your feet.
You're broke, and you're beat,
 You go down in defeat,
And you hear them all say,
 Go take a back seat.
With tears in your eyes,
 And sniffles and sighs
You feel like a pup,
 But you hate to give up.
And the old hand of time,
 It counts up to nine,
You're licked and you're sore,
 And you start in to whine.
Through darkness you grope,
 To catch hold of a rope,

But you lie on your face,
To hide your disgrace,
You think you are fouled;
But you're out of the race.

I wouldn't say die,
But let's make a try,
As we did in the war,
To come back once more.

Up in the line, remember the time,
It wasn't a cinch,
But you didn't flinch,
In the mud and the blood,
The dirt and the slime,
Why—you didn't sit,
On the mourner's bench,
When holding our own,
In a lousy old trench.

For it took lots of crust,
To take a bayonet thrust,
And the shriek of the shell,
With its ticket for hell,
You were up on your toes,
With the order "let's go,"
While under your feet,
The grass didn't grow.
In the gray mist of dawn,
You just carried on.
With the grit and the sand,
You took your last stand,
Why, you tackled the job,
Like a regular man.

Yes—it's easy to fight,
The foe you can see,
But it's a different tune,
When you face poverty.
On three squares or a lunch,
You can pack the old punch,
You can battle all day,
When you're getting your pay
And a cup of hot java,
And a cool, soothing smoke,
But it's hell, when you're jobless,
And broke.

CLARITY.

I know now
That I shall forgive you—
Always :
As a little deeper
Delves the hurt,
So a little closer
My heart closes around it.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Rebekah Crouse Costanzo.

"Attic Salt." March 31, 1930.

FALLACY.

He plead for love. She gladly vowed to give
Her life to help him every day to know
A fine achievement ; every hour to live
His best ; to feel with him the spirit's glow
Of high endeavor ; daily keep his heart
A-throb to greater visions of life's call,
With strength to bear courageously his part
In tasks where brave men strive to give their all.

Bright fallacy ! How have men ever fared
With love of spirit? . . . What songs have rung thru
years
And grown immortal, of the men who dared
Their lives for this? . . . Report, O Sonneteers !
Are those undying tales which most extol
A flashing eye . . . an ankle . . . or a soul?

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Gertrude B. Gunderson.*
"Attic Salt." April 19, 1930.

LIFE.

Few stops . . .
many side-tracks . . .
an engine weak . . .
Steep grades . . .
heavy cars on
a route that's brief.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *David Van Raalte.*
"Attic Salt." March 31, 1930.

RHODODENDRONS.

They are not flowers surely,
These Ariel things !
Dawn-tinted, sunset-stained,
Petaled with wings—
These are not flowers springing
Out of the earth, it seems—
But exquisite, despaired-of,
Most perfect, come-true dreams !

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Natalie Flohr.

"Attic Salt." July 26, 1930.

THE GOLD-STAR COLOR LINE.

"The War Department of the United States has ruled that colored gold-star mothers must be separated from white mothers on the pilgrimage they are making to the graves of their sons who died on European soil fighting for democracy."—Newspaper clipping.

Death knew no color line,
When the draft came ;
Black skin and white skin
Were all the same.

Death knew no color line,
When the guns rattled ;
Black boy and white boy
Side by side battled.

Death's cold fingers
Closed sightless eyes
Of black men and white men
Who made the sacrifice.

Birth pangs are all the same—
Black or white mothers ;
War flags wave over
Black and white brothers.

Death knows no color line,
When blood is shed ;
Black blood or white blood—
All blood is red.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

April 19, 1930.

LOVE.

Love is an alabaster jar
Precious beyond price;
Broken, it may prove to hold
Essence of sacrifice.

The Williamsport Sun.

Pamelia Pearl Jones.

"Attic Salt." July 26, 1930.

RACE.

Poor old black Lucindy,
Stricken with a cancer,
Sought a church hospital—
“No,” the white answer.

Poor old black Lucindy,
Dying with the cancer,
Went back to her shanty,
With the Church’s answer.

Her ears couldn’t hear,
When the preacher began:
“Fatherhood of God,
Brotherhood of Man.”

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

"Attic Salt." Sept. 27, 1930.

THE NUN.

Grey as the twilight, in the garden place
She walks alone, between the four stone walls.
The shadows drift across her pale, still face,
And from the woods a thrush’s wild note calls.
Her beads hang all forgotten at her belt;
Her eyes are on the sunset’s flaunting red
Where crimson, gold and amber blend to greet
The sombre evening, now day has fled.
The scent of honeysuckle drifts across
The air, and she is shaken like a tree
By gales of passion, by a sense of loss
Risen from some ancestral memory.
Stricken, she stumbles to the iron door,
Haunted by shadows she can bear no more.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.

Eleanor A. Chaffee.

"Attic Salt."

TO "THE PIONEER MOTHER."

How long this senseless stone lay bound by night
And buffeted by every wind on high—
Then workmen came, they salvaged it, the dry
Earth swept away and lifted it to sight.
A sculptor seized the marble, gleaming white,
Now . . . stand away and watch his chisel fly!
What visioning to our arrested eye
Is now revealed, by genius brought to light.

A Mother Militant—a pioneer
With radiant face set bravely to the West;
Her home unknown—shall it be far . . . or near?
She smiles and shields the infant at her breast;
Beside her walks a man without a fear . . .
Although he knows the hardships of their quest.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt." Aug. 23, 1930.

Jewell Miller.

TAFT.

In volumes of history, records of state
His deeds of distinction find place,
But the people who loved him and mourn for his fate
Will remember the light in his face.

He smiled as success slipped away in defeat,
And he joined the wide world in its laughter.
He chuckled and took up the work at his feet
In the war clouded days that came after.

Again on the wave of achievement he rose
To the glimmering crest of his fame,
Still chuckling, always too busy to pose,—
To himself, just a pawn in the game;—

Just a pawn in the hands of the Player above,
Little moves day by day on the board.
That they won him acclaim, or a great people's love,
He will chuckle about with his Lord.

The Wisconsin State Journal.
March 16, 1930.

Sam Bryan.

A NEW YEAR FANTASY.

I saw a child by a winding road,
Alone, and far from any abode—
Just the moon, and the child, and the winding road.

Yet others seemed near—seemed all around—
Above—below—and over the ground.

And some sat still, and some just ran—
Where the first left off, there the next just ran,
And the whole went on to a crazy plan;

Though they called the child didn't hear or see
As they whirled about it invisibly.

Then I saw three gnomes come walking to the highway.
No one knows how they came, nor by what strange
byway—
Straight to the child . . . such a knowing and sly way.

The one gave drink, the other gave food,
And the last offered counsel that much have been good;

For the four joined hands, and they stole away
While the rest went on with their ghostly play,
And the sun arose on another day.

The whole scene faded—as such a scene would—
And I woke . . . and thought . . . and I understood.

The White Plains (N. Y.) Daily Press.

Emerson Robischon.

NEWSPAPERS

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NEW BOOKS OF POETRY.

I thank the following authors who have kindly sent me copies of their latest books. Each of these books is above the average in contents, and should be in the library of every poet.

DRIFTWOOD FIRES. By Irene Wilde. San Francisco; Harr Wagner Pub. Co.

HITS. Annual collection of prose and verse from Gene Morgan's column, "Hit or Miss," in the Chicago Daily News.

LIFE'S WORTH LIVING AND OTHER POEMS.
By Charles Bancroft. Norwood, Pa.; The Author.

NEWRY. By John Richard Moreland. New York; James T. White & Co. 1930.

SELECTED POEMS. By Benjamin Musser. New York; Henry Harrison. 1930.

SETTINGS IN SENTIMENT. By Tessa Sweazy Webb. Columbus, Ohio; The Author.

THE SUN-DIAL. By Hala Jean Hammond. New York; James T. White & Co.

THE MASTER OF BOLIVER. By Jose Rafael Wendehake, M.D. Colon; R. P. Hasking News Service. 1930.

THISTLEDOWN. Edited by Elizabeth Davis Richards. Medford, Mass.; C. A. A. Parker.

VELVET CHAIN. By Ada Borden Stevens and Benjamin Musser. Poems in old French verse forms. A limited edition of beautiful work that comes from Lew Ney's Parnassus Press.

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